

T H E
Count *De RETHEL*:
A N
HISTORICAL NOVEL.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO THE LADY
VISCOUNTESS HEREFORD.

V O L. III.

“ When Philip the Victorious liv’d—I fought
“ Abreast with Montmorenci and Melun,
“ Des Barres, Du Metz, and the far-famous Couci;
“ Names which were then the praise and dread of war!

ZAA



L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXIX.

Count Dracula

HISTORICAL NOVEL

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE LADY
VICE-COUNTESS HARRINGTON



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T H E

Count *De RETHEL*:

A N

HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Taken from the French.

NAY, I was not disposed to censure your interview, said Ralph de Couci good-humouredly, admitting you had had one with her; I only wondered at it. I am so much the reverse of my Father, my dear Raymund, that there is nothing I would not do to make you my Brother. You could not be dearer to me than you are; but you and my Sister would by your happiness insure mine. But, oh! how distant is the probability of such a charming union ever taking place! Eve-

ward continues to declare that she shall have no husband but the Marshal du Metz; who, on his part, is not likely ever to release her from the engagements that have been made with him.

He is in love, and he is piqued at the usage she has given him; consequently, he will not easily be brought to withdraw his claim to her, were it only for malice.

There is but one source from whence I can trace a possibility of Adelaïde's being disengaged from him, and that is from his Mother. The Lady Marshal, pleased with her Son's grandeur, and ambitious of perpetuating in her family his high rank, will be desirous of his marrying; and upon finding my Sister determined on rejecting him, she will fix on some other woman of illustrious birth; and, from her influence over him, may induce him to take her instead of Adelaïde.

My Father could not then decently refuse to give her to you.

It is too much happiness for me, ever to possess her! replied Raymund. I must

not

not buoy myself up with such a thought : yet will I not omit any precaution that can be taken to secure such a blessing.

Alas ! Ralph, how hard is it to be obliged to quit her, and, at a distance, to wait the slow motions of the post to get any intelligence of her situation ! Time, whose rapid flight is so often complained of, becomes tardy to the absent lover, whose impatience outstrips his pace : thus even the small comfort of hearing now and then of her, will be accompanied by the fretfulness of a long attendance for it. . . . But Adelaïde has ordained my departure, and I will not murmur at it ; a cheerful submission is the smallest proof I can give of my ardent desire to please her, and the least return I can make for all she has done for me.

I am infinitely indebted to Madame de Fagel too, my dear Ralph : she favoured the escape of my Adelaïde, who has charged me to thank her for it ; and I must see her before I go.

We will go together and call upon her, said the Lord de Couci : under your patronage

tronage I may be permitted to see and speak to her; for the cruel fair-one avoids me industriously whenever she can. If I go to her house, she is denied to me, unless a croud of impertinents are about her, who serve as a safeguard to her from my conversation: if she is at either of the palaces, and I appear at them, she vanishes like a flash of lightning from my sight. What is your distress, I often ask, to mine? You enjoy, my dear Raymund, the satisfaction of loving, and of being loved, without a crime, without the gnawing pangs of remorse! My Sister may be tender without being guilty, and you may be constant and passionate without being condemned by any law for it.

Thus did Ralph talk until they arrived at Madame de Fagel's door, who not being at home, the Count commissioned his friend De Couci to take an opportunity of making his acknowledgements to her, and of putting her in a way of carrying on a correspondence with Adelaïde, as Mademoiselle de Rocheville had planned it: her

Nephew was perfectly well known to the whole court; and such was his probity, that every body owned he was entitled to the regard the Queen Mother showed him.

Raymund parted with Ralph after an affectionate manner, and went from him to wait on the King: being admitted into his closet, he found the Marshal and the High-Steward there—Albert's jealousy of him was appeased when he heard him take leave of his Majesty—Des Barres' wonder was evident; he knew his attachment to Mademoiselle de Couci, and he could not comprehend the motive for so precipitate a journey into the country: the Count stepping up to him, said in his ear—

I must set out this evening for Rethel, my dear Steward; but I would first bid you farewell.

Wait for me at your own house, answered the Count des Barres, and I will be presently with you.

Raymund was acquainted with the anxious and jealous state of the High-Steward's mind: he was aware also of the dan-

gers of an imperfect confidence; he was determined therefore on disclosing the whole of his story to him: his discretion was indisputable, and De Rethel hoped from his own frankness to reap every advantage which Des Barres' sway over the Marshal could afford him: he expected that his persuasions would insensibly lead Albert to renounce his claim to Adelaïde: he had no sooner finished his tale, and related all he had to say to him, than the High-Steward, in his turn, informed him of Du Metz's despair and rage, and of the resolution he had made, never to cede the right Everard had given him over her, were it but to chastise her for the shameful contempt she had shown him: notwithstanding this, William des Barres promised the Count de Rethel to enforce to the Marshal, on every occasion, the absurdity there was in his thinking more of a woman who had declared so fixed an aversion to him.

In a word, my dear Raymund, said he, had I no other inducement to serve you in this, you might trust to the violent
 incli-

inclination I feel to deprive the fair Elizabeth of every chance of ever being yours ; she will cherish this hope, chimerical as it is, until you are actually the husband of Adelaïde de Couci : when you are so, I shall either profit from what spleen, resentment, or perhaps gratitude, may do for me with her ; or I shall entirely resign all pretensions to a female who is not to be won by any method I can devise : the ingrate does not withhold from me her esteem ; she has often even condescended to express it to me in very obliging terms : nay, sometimes too she has let me perceive in her a little pity for me ; but that I owe merely to her own situation, which makes her feel for mine : there is a strong similitude, it must be allowed, in them ; and her sufferings from an unsuccessful passion, give her a proper notion of mine.

A discourse in which the beautiful Adelaïde, the charming, though ungratefull Mademoiselle du Metz, and her Brother, were the subjects, must needs have been

lengthened out to a considerable space by two men, who were so deeply engaged in their actions.

At the close of it, Raymund de Rethel, bidding the Count des Barres adieu, departed for Rethel.

Theobald beheld his arrival there with an equivocal joy.

My Son, cried he embracing him, why have you left the court? What sudden call has hurried you into the country, without having sent me any warning of your coming?

I shall amaze you, replied Raymund, by telling you my heart is once more enthralled!

Do you love again, my Son? said Theobald in a chearful tone. How happy am I to hear it! Your choice has certainly fallen on an object who is worthy of us both.

Worthy of me. . . Ah! my Father, may I be worthy of her!

Come then, returned the delighted Theobald, do not delay the pleasure I shall have

have in learning who it is. I taste beforehand the sweet satisfaction of thinking she is sensible of your tenderness; your felicity is discernable in your eyes: tell me then frankly who it is you love?

I dare not, answered Raymund.

You dare not, my Boy! exclaimed the kind parent; ha! who then can it be?

No, I durst not name her, said the Son. Your affection for me may make you imagine I am running once more into perils. But, my Father, since you must know it at last, I will tell you now, I could not resist the charms of Mademoiselle de Couci! It is her I adore.

Adelaïde de Couci! echoed Theobald. Oh! my child, how hopeless is your case! The *past* has left such a frightfull impression on my imagination, of cares and sorrows, that I am scared at the *future*.

The Daughter of Everard. . . Affianced to Albert! Albert, the favourite of your King! She is indubitably worthy of you; but she is destined to bless another!

What!

What! could you not have baffled the first attacks of such a love, my Son?

Ha! how could I, my Father? replied he; she is the very image of the Countess de Dammartin. I have found in Adelaïde her beauty, her virtues, all those exalted qualities of her soul, and the same disposition to make me happy.

He then reported to Theobald all that had passed unto the time he was speaking to him.

The Father listened attentively to all he said, then answered him——

The prudence which I admire in Adelaïde, her unshaken constancy which astonishes me, and through which I trace the steady character of Everard strongly marked in her, somewhat re-assure me.

She has exacted of you that sort of sage conduct which the wisest counsellor would have prescribed; it is such only which can conceal the intelligence there is between your hearts, and which must pave the way by degrees to your happiness: that is still a long way off, however, and neither of you must expect its accomplishment yet:

Ade-

Adelaïde will be kept a great while at Chelles; and you, my Son, will pass more time here than you may suppose: you must exert as much patience as love; Du Metz will put them both to furious trials: his attachment and disappointment will make him loth to part with the lovely girl, who has been promised him.

Theobald, from his Son's temper, was persuaded no obstacles would discourage him, or make him give over the pursuit of what his soul was set on: he knew the inutility of remonstrances to a young man desperately enamoured, and was too doatingly fond of him to tease him with unnecessary advice, or increase his affliction by prognosticating new evils to him every hour: he suppressed his own perplexities as much as he could, not to appear cast down before him.

He could not disapprove the choice Raymond had made: the character of Adelaïde seemed noble; he could have wished it had been unfulfilled by her opposition to her Father's will, and that the Fates had

permitted her union with his Son without such a crime.

He thought both the Parent and the Daughter were to be pitied ; the first, for having to support the disobedience of a child whose amiable manners had, until that fatal act, made her the darling of her family ; she, for being necessitated to struggle with him who was so dear and respectable to her.

With an impartiality that bespoke the admirable rectitude of his own heart, the good Theobald sighed at the revolt of Adelaïde, which was a stain upon the reputation of so valuable a woman ; but could not find by what power Everard de Couci was authorised to give her to Albert, without having first consulted her, or how he could legally oblige her to wed the man she abhorred : his own moderation had made him always consider the noblest prerogative of a Father to be that of dispensing happiness to his children : he was a stranger to those arbitrary maxims which Everard had adopted ; nevertheless, always just in his decisions, he viewed the fault
of

of Adelaïde with horror, and called it a breach of the most sacred precept which offended Heaven would resent.

Whilst he was thus engaged, and whilst Raymund was occupied in the consideration of his hapless situation, thinking perpetually of his dear and distressed mistress, and reckoning those days as lost which did not bring him letters from Mademoiselle de Rocheville, Ralph was full of contrivances how to get an audience of Madame de Egel, whose scrupulous delicacy eluded all his attempts to see her in private: it was some time before he could deliver the message he had to her; he at length accidentally found her alone one day, and addressed her as follows——

The friendship you honour my Sister with, Madam, I hope will be powerfull enough to make you attend awhile to me: it is at her request, as well as at that of the Count de Rethel, I speak to you now.

You cannot please me more, returned she, than by telling me some news of Mademoi-

demoiselle de Couci; I have been really uneasy about her. How do I pity her!

Without your assistance, said Ralph, she would have been much more to be pitied, and Raymund would have been full as wretched as myself; but their gratitude, Madam, best speaks the greatness of the service you have rendered them. The Count, before he set out for Rethel, whether love and prudence have carried him, would have seen you himself, and called on you with a design of thanking you on Adelaïde's behalf, and on his own; but not meeting with you at home, he could not utter to you the acknowledgements he had to make; you will forgive me then for having undertaken the commission.

Ralph de Couci, seeing Madame de Fagel confused, and uncertain how to answer him, proceeded thus—

Fear nothing, Madam; I have no intention of inveigling you into any confidence that can be improper for you. My Sister has entrusted me with her tenderness for Raymund; her repose, and that of the best friend I have, is too dear to

me

me not to interest me in their affairs. How is it possible I should not be touched with their misfortunes?

I esteem you too highly, answered Madame de Fagel with a discomposure that she could not conceal, to be distrustfull of your sincerity. The pleasure I had in saving Mademoiselle de Couci from impending danger, is a full compensation for what I did: I trust, she and the Count de Rethel may one day derive their felicity from the service I did her.

Raymund undoubtedly merits the partiality of Adelaïde, that which you feel for him, and universal esteem; but I dread the anger of Everard after what has happened. The pretext she has alledged for her retreat, and which may be turned as a battery against her, Albert, the King, all make me tremble for her, and for Count Raymund.

What will they not endure before they can be united? Who can say if that ever will be?

How happy is my Sister, returned Ralph with vivacity, thus to soften your heart!

heart! Alas! Madam, does the sister engross all your compassion?

Madame de Fagel coloured at this; and the Lord de Couci, in a momentary delirium, forgetting the awefulness of her virtue, which had kept him before at such a distance, pursued his discourse thus—

Your looks, Madam, vainly reprove my words: they are not more criminal than my silence, which has daily told you of my love.

To have understood it, replied she briskly, and with the coolest disdain, I must have been very observant indeed of what you did. You only pretend to believe I have been before instructed in what you have now presumed to say, to palliate your audacity in uttering such sentiments to me. But know, Sir, that I can punish the insult you have offered me, by despising you for it, and that from this day forth I never more exchange a word with you. It will be my business to prevent your ever having another opportunity to abuse the reliance I placed in your professions of a disinterested motive in speaking to me.

How cruel are you, Madam! said he, to punish

punish thus rigorously a fault which the violence of my passion has betrayed me into, before I could recollect myself! Alas! show some clemency to a wretch who honours as much as he loves you. Believe me penitent, and trust again to what I say. I swear to you by my tenderness itself, to keep an eternal silence henceforward on the subject that has thus exasperated you against me:—I did not, indeed, mean to have ever mentioned it to you.

I would, willingly have been prevented, the trouble of avoiding you, returned she calmly, had you not by this avowal made it requisite for me to do so: I should not hold myself to be excusable, did I ever put it again in your way to repeat the offence.

Saying this, Madame de Fagel, without staying to hear him say more, went away from him.

What have I done! cried he: my sister and Raymund furnished me with a pretence for conversing often with her; but my temerity has now robbed me of it for ever. She will make Fagel take her from Paris probably.---Fool that I was, not to contain myself! . . .

If it can be done, let me try to retrieve myself with her; let me prove to her by my repentant looks, by my taciturnity, and by my respectfull behaviour, that the contrition I feel for my error is strong enough to preserve me from another of the same sort: her heart is not indifferent to me; it may plead, it may at length get the better of that severe duty which compels her to fly me.

That hope lessened, in some measure, the extreme unhappiness of Ralph; but still the thought of losing Madame de Fagel tormented him: she was not less wretched than himself; her inclination and her duty were irreconcilable; the one combated her purpose of never seeing more the Lord de Couci; the other strengthened her in it.

If she forgave the insolence of his declaration one minute, the next she condemned herself for her indulgence.

To the reproaches she made herself, was joined the inquietude caused by the vague surmises of her husband; who, from the earliest days of their marriage, had always been

under

under the gloomiest apprehensions of her not loving him, and of her having placed her affections on some other, before he had been connected with her.

The alteration he saw in her since her being in France, the reluctance she had expressed to going there, a reluctance he deemed affectation, served to confirm him in an opinion that some lord of Philip's court, had insinuated himself into her favour during the continuance of the amusements in the Duke of Burgundy's camp.

That idea, which every day gained ground, could not be hidden from his wife: whenever any of those she had seen at Dijon appeared in company with her, he examined their countenances, their conversation, even their silence, to find out which of them had stolen from him her heart.

He frequently talked to her of them all; he affected often to ridicule one, while he bestowed the highest panegyrics on another, observing at the same time with a scrutinizing eye what effects his expressions had on her. In fine, after a long demur,
his

his jealousy fell between the Count de Rethel and Ralph de Couci.

It is to one of those two, would he say to himself, that I am beholden for her hatred. It must be one of them who shall account to me for my wife's insensibility to all my attentions.

But let us leave that unfortunate husband distracted with suspicions, Madame de Fagel agitated by remorse and terrors, and Ralph pining with discontent, to enquire about Mademoiselle du Metz and her brother, whose destiny was too piteous not to be interesting.

From the moment Albert had been told of Adelaïde's flight, until the departure of the Count de Rethel, he had ineffectually pressed his sister to go to Chelles: she could not bring herself to quit the Court.

Raymund's going from it amazed her; she began again to be dubious of what, for her own quiet, she should have been sure of. She recollected all his behaviour over; the solicitude he had discovered about Adelaïde, the civilities he had shown her: she saw

them all in a new light; they seemed then to be no more than common acts.

I have been mistaken, said she to Salmeni; my timid and troubled heart has deceived me; Raymund de Rethel has viewed the beauty of Adelaïde, without being enslaved by it. — What do you think of it?

The uncertainty into which the Count's departure has thrown you, is too pleasing an illusion to you, Madam, for me to desire it should cease. Besides, of what use will my reflections be to you, since neither your own understanding, nor the Count de Rethel's being in love with Mademoiselle de Couci and indifferent to you, nor the refined and constant passion of the Count des Barres, have been able to overcome a weakness which degrades you?

Condemn me, Salmeni, replied she, as much as I do myself; but tell me truly, do you believe Raymund attached to Adelaïde?

What does it signify to you, Madam? said her confidante.

What

What does it signify! repeated Mademoiselle du Metz, with some heat; had I *only* my brother's interest to engage me, it would be of great importance to me to know whether he was his rival or not.

And can you doubt it? answered Salmen: your heart, Madam, endeavours to blind you; the retreat of the Count, which confounds you, is an infallible sign of the good understanding there is between them, and of his tenderness for Mademoiselle de Couci. Do you not perceive, Madam, that he has disappeared from court to banish all suspicion? He is afraid of the King's anger; he is afraid Everard should discover him to be the favoured lover of his daughter; but above all he is most afraid that she should be the victim of her incensed and furious father's authority. He is afraid of the Marshal's suspecting his attachment to her. He is afraid of you, Madam; your penetration has more than once made him tremble. Lastly, he is afraid of himself; love often betrays the most discreet into follies.

His absence is the effect of the prudent advice of the young Lord de Couci; who
connives

connives at, and would concur as much as possible to forward the union of hearts there is between his sister and the friend who is already as dear to him as if he was his brother. They all three hope, I suppose, by an obstinacy as bold as it is contemptuous, to prevail on the Lord Marshal at last to choose another bride; when Everard will give his daughter to Count de Rethel without hesitation.

Be assured, Madam, that pair love, and always will love, each other. The very obstacles raised against them will be a cement to their passion. Love is as favourable to them as he is treacherous to you, in making you doubt of their mutual attachment.

Nothing now remains for you but to conquer yourself; every thing ordains you should shake off this shameful infatuation; but your reason, the cowardly slave of passion, neither sees, hears, nor believes; any thing else.

From thence, Salmeni, conclude how impossible it is for me to act as you would have me, said Elizabeth; and prithee then,
since

since the disease is incurable, have complaisance enough no longer to pester me with arguments which can avail nothing, but to plant fresh daggers in my heart.

You may say that Raymund and Adelaïde love; but say not, I charge you, they will ever be united.—Ah! they cannot be, without the death of my brother—Good heaven! must I be twice sacrificed to the happiness of those lovers!—Let me not imagine it: so many misfortunes rush at once into my mind, at the supposition, as would drive me into madness!

Mademoiselle du Metz, after ruminating a while, started up and cried——

Raymund gone, nothing now keeps me here; I will go to Chelles to-morrow.—Adelaïde shall find me an inquisitive and troublesome associate. Salmeni, I will incessantly pry into all her actions; not the most trivial shall pass unnoticed by me; I will observe all those she is most intimate with—Yes, the most private recesses of her soul shall be searched into; I will know all her secrets; and, that once done, I will frustrate all her machinations. To
my

my sorrow, I can not doubt of her being idolized by Raymund. But should she not love him, O my dear Salmenis, should some other be chosen by her, I shall not then despair.

Mademoiselle de Couci's behaviour had wounded the Lady Marshal's pride to the quick: her haughty spirit could not agree at first to her son's scheme for Mademoiselle du Metz's going to reside at Chelles; she looked upon it as a meanness to take any step towards bringing Adelaïde to accept of the Marshal after the insulting refusal she had given him; but persuasions had triumphed over her unwillingness, and she had consented to Elizabeth's going, when she was again attacked with one of those dangerous distempers which her delicate constitution made her often liable to, and put an end to the prosecution of the malicious plot that had been laid against the unsuspecting Adelaïde de Couci.

Mademoiselle du Metz, suffering from filial tenderness, and from hapless love, was not more miserable than Raymund,

who passed his days in the country, meditating continually on the forlorn state of his beloved Adelaïde, and on his own inability to assist her.

The letters he got from the High-Steward, from the Lord de Couci, and from Mademoiselle de Rocheville, did not allay his pains.

He heard from Des Barres, that the Marshal, more provoked every day, despised his counsels, to attend only to the suggestions of his ire, which spurred him on to revenge the affront he had received from Mademoiselle de Couci, by adhering to his first pretensions.

Ralph informed him, that the tears of his mother, seconded by her intreaties, could not moderate the resentment of his father.

Such news occasioned a thousand panicks in the breast of the Count. His stout heart palpitated when he reflected on the roughness of Everard's temper, and his alarms grew more tumultuous when he found the two months which had been granted to the importunities of Madame de

de Couci and Ralph, almost got to a conclusion.

His passion left him no rest; he was perpetually going about the house, as if he sought for ease by change of place. One day, as he was walking with hasty and irregular steps up and down his father's room, his wandering eyes were suddenly caught by seeing, on a small table, a little ivory box, set in gold, near him: without well knowing what he did, he took it up and opened it—What was his astonishment! the most lively emotions succeeded to the extremest dejection.

It was a miniature picture; it was the Countess de Dammartin's. He was melted at the sight; his soul dissolved into the softest distress.

Ha! how could it be otherwise? the same pencil had drawn the most striking likeness at once of Madame de Dammartin, and of Mademoiselle de Couci.

He felt himself to be looking at the same time at the beautiful Adelaide, and at his divine Alicia.

At the time he gave many tears to the loss of the one, he was sensible of a sort of joy in the thought of there being one yet left to console him for her death. He beheld the picture then as *Mademoiselle de Couci's*; he saw, he admired her features in it. He carried the charming representation with rapture to his lips, without distinguishing whether it was to *Alicia* or *Adelaïde* he gave that mark of tenderness; he found a thousand pleasures in it.

Raymund held the box that contained it still in his hand, when *Theobald* went into the room.

My Father, cried he as soon as he heard him, I beseech you not to take this picture from me: it is that of my sweet Countess; it is that of my *Adelaïde*. For the sake of the one, and of the other, permit me to keep it: I beg it of you, by the kindness you have constantly shown to your unhappy son!

Your eagerness to possess it, replied *Theobald*, is an undeniable evidence of the likeness you have always found between them. I give you the picture, and
applaud

applaud you for the reasons that make you covet it.

The Duke of Brittany, continued he, having sent for a painter from France, the Count de Dammartin had two portraits taken of his wife: some hours before her demise, she gave them to the Viscount de Melun, and to me; conjuring me not to let you have mine until your affliction should decrease. It must have done so, my son, since another like her has been found for your consolation.

From the time he had arrived at Rethel until that lucky moment when chance had presented him with that valuable picture, Raymund had had nothing to mitigate his misery. What a change did that produce in him!

He owed every tribute of tenderness to the lively image of the Countess de Dammartin; he employed himself solely in the pleasing task of comparing her with Adelaïde de Couci; he looked at it, he talked to it, he almost persuaded himself it was Mademoiselle de Couci he spoke to, and vowed to love her to his dying day.

The recollection that it was Alicia's picture, far from reproaching, justified him for doing so; his new passion was no more than a continuation of the first.

Thou prime object of my youthful heart! thou earliest of its flames! he would say to it, this painting, which revives thee again, has convinced me of the similitude I have always found between the two most admirable of the sex! But for that dear resemblance I must have followed thee to the grave.

Notwithstanding the relaxation Raymond had had from the keenness of his affliction, by the possession of a treasure that represented Adelaïde so justly to him; it was but a temporary suspension of it, for it was redoubled when he saw the stated period allotted for her respite elapsed. He knew the immoveable soul of that stern Father, and he dreaded every woe from his harshness.

The tender Adelaïde, debarred of the sweet comfort of seeing her fond mother and her brother, stood in need of all her courage to support her. She heard that

Everard

Everard even avoided mentioning her name.

How tremendous is his silence! exclaimed she—Oh! my dear Rocheville, the offence I have committed against him, has made him forget I am his child!—He only regards me as a rebel who is to be punished—Should I complain of this?—No, I merit his indignation, and he will make me feel the whole weight of it. I shall see him come here, with that austere brow, which will not be softened by any of those tender sensations which the generality of parents let escape them when most angry.—Everard is of another turn—as he is incapable of failing, he never excuses or forgives the frailties of others.

What shall I say to him, when he comes to inclose me in this convent for ever? What can I oppose to his absolute will? I love and revere, but cannot obey him. Is he not the virtuous Everard, whom other men take for their model? It is from imitating him they get the better of their weaknesses. I am his daughter, and cannot bend to the yoke of arbitrary power. I am

heirefs to that steadinefs of foul which he enjoys, and which makes me unable to vary my sentiments : Albert will not renounce me, and my duty forbids me to give him my hand whilst another has my heart. He is not afhamed to retain the power which violence has given him over me ; and why fhould I be afraid to refufe submitting to the ufurpation ?

I do not flatter myfelf ; I know full well that I muft choofe either him or the veil : I am not inclined to either ; on the contrary, I am equally averfe to both.

Mademoifelle de Rocheville endeavoured to diminifh Mademoifelle de Couci's apprehenfions, by urging that a combination of circumftances might vanquifh Albert's obftinacy ; but nothing could affuage her pangs, as every day augmented her fears, and ſhe could not without ſhuddering fee the end of the term that had been preſcribed her.

Adelaïde, penſive and dejected, was fitting alone in her chamber one morning, when, without any preparation for it, ſhe ſaw Eyerard come in. The King had given

ven him a special licence to enter the abbey of Chelles that day, to discourse more freely with her.

Her terrors at the sight of him are not to be described—Pale and tottering she advanced towards him; but it was only to fall senseless at his feet, after uttering in a faint voice——

O take pity, my Father, of a Daughter who, in disobeying, loves you!

Without showing any concern, Everard assisted in raising her from the floor; and, seating her on a chair, placed himself over against her without speaking. When he had given her time to recover her scattered spirits, and to come to herself a little, he thus began——

I am come, *Madam*, to ask you what choice you have made. Is it the Marshal, or is it the convent, you prefer? I have allowed you time enough to determine between the two: to-day you are to acquaint me with your choice, and to-morrow fixes your fate,

Answer me concisely—I will not see any weeping; I will not hear any pray-

ers; nor will I meet with any resistance. Whatever is to be done, it is to-morrow, at the foot of the altar, that I shall regain my Daughter, and you your Father: I am peremptory; there are no more delays to be granted.

Adelaïde would have knelt to him, as soon as she was able; but he restrained her, saying——

Remain where you are; and speak to me!

Merciful Heaven! said she, raising her fine eyes to it, vouchsafe to inspire me with such words as may move my Father, and, oh! grant me to find in him the soft effusions of paternal indulgence!

Ah! Sir, do not sacrifice me to the authority I acknowledge you have over me; mingle with it some of that tenderness you have had heretofore for your poor Adelaïde, and let that be now my preservation.

Will you consult only your will in an engagement on which my whole happiness depends? Did I receive life from you, only to reproach you for having gi-

ven

ven it me? only to detest it as a poisoned gift, destructive to my repose?

To be candid, I must again tell you, that I will sooner suffer death than wed the Marshal; my aversion to him is equivalent to my affection for you. . . .

Say rather, *your affection for another*, retorted he.

No, Sir, said Adelaïde, in refusing Albert, I do not ask you to let me marry any one else; I only implore you to let me live single and free: every chain would be galling to me. I am conscious my flight has excluded me from the paternal house—I know that I am unworthy of your further kindness; I blush and mourn for it—But I am not so culpable as to excite in you a desire of vengeance, such as will embitter the rest of my days. Do not, my dear Sir, refuse me the favour of remaining in this abbey, without taking on me any engagement—Your name I am proud of bearing; the lustre your virtues have cast upon it satisfies my whole ambition; let me have the honour then of being Adelaïde de Couci for life.

I have.

I have heard you, returned Everard; now do you hear me.

Oh! rejoined she prostrating herself at his feet, do not force me, my Father—

Stop, cried he interrupting her, your conduct has made you unworthy of pronouncing that respectable title: until you have learnt to be a child, do not hope to find me a Father: I do not remember any longer that I am one, unless it be to exercise the supremacy it gives me over you. Get up; that posture is too submissive for so refractory a disposition as yours.

Now hearken to me, pursued he when she had risen, and do not break in again upon me: you have nothing new to say to me, nor have I any thing more to hear from you.

You may remember, Madam, that after your elopement you requested I would permit you to consecrate yourself to religion: I then consented to it, and now give you a week to prepare yourself for the ceremony of taking the Novice's habit.—If you presume to make the slightest opposition to this, dread my resentment.—Chelles shall

shall be no longer a pretext or a sanctuary for you.—I will take you home, where you shall feel what an irritated superior can inflict—You will meet there with the chastisement due to your misdemeanours, and the final destruction of all your deep-laid plans.

Everard spoke those words in so terrible a voice, and accompanied them with such looks, that Adelaïde was not courageous enough to break the silence he had commanded.

He left her apartment to go into that of the Lady Abbess, where he staid long enough to throw the unhappy girl into the utmost consternation.

All her respect could not hinder her from murmuring at such harshness as she had been treated with : her distress was insufferable ; she saw no help for her approaching misfortune ; she had abandoned herself to the most dreadfull apprehensions when Mademoiselle de Rocheville joined her. That kind friend had only staid for the departure of Everard, to fly to her assistance : she wept with her ; she soothed her ;
though,

though, like Adelaïde herself, she foresaw the whole evil without being able to apply a remedy to it.

The immoderate sorrows of Mademoiselle de Couci wrung her heart, and disabled her from giving any counsels to her: she would not risque, in such a state, to offer any. Violent diseases require violent medicines: she would not have had to accuse herself of having given them.

Adelaïde passed that day and the following night in an agitation of spirits which cannot be written, nor hardly comprehended. She was still in that situation the next morning, when Mademoiselle de Rocheville brought a letter from the Count de Rethel, which she gave her to read.— At each word, expressive of his love, and of his anxieties, tears gushed afresh from her eyes, and she felt an addition to her calamities.

But a dawn of hope sprung up amidst all this from a hint he had given her: she became resolute again, and resolved on the execution of it.

There

There was nothing in it unbecoming her character, nothing that militated against her duty; and she beheld in it a more certain check upon the vehemence of Everard than any other measure could prove.

Yes, my dear Count, cried she, I will follow your advice.—I will write to the King; he may perhaps be moved by the dolefull condition I am in!—Perhaps he may declare for me against an implacable Father, who intends to sacrifice me to his resentment. My Sovereign should defend me; I may expect it from him: it is to him my Father would offer me up; I am less the victim of my disobedience to him, than I am to the affront I have given to Albert: he is the favourite of Philip; his cause must be avenged. Nature is silenced when Policy speaks. . . . But, my dear Rocheville, I will hope the best from my petition to the Prince.

Mademoiselle de Couci had no sooner determined on writing, than she dispatched a note to Madame de Fagel, desiring her to come to Chelles: she cautioned her only

only to enquire for Mademoiselle de Rocheville, and concluded with intreating her to make all the haste she could to get to her.

The pleasure Madame de Fagel took in thinking she was to see her, was mingled with uneasiness. The Sister of Ralph de Couci bore a double title to her friendship; but it was likewise a very suspicious one to her delicacy. She knew the secret of her soul; she could not have confided it to any one else; she was concerned it had ever transpired even to Adelaïde, and she had resolved never more to repeat her transgression by talking again of the dangerous theme: still, as she was desirous of seeing and of helping her friend, if possible, a second time, she did not put off her journey to Chelles.

They met with reciprocal joy; and had much to say to each other.—Mademoiselle de Rocheville brought them together, and, after having taken every needfull precaution for their escaping discovery, left them at the grate.

Ade--

Adelaïde de Couci then, in language which demonstrated her attachment to Count Raymund, informed her fair friend of what he had proposed in his letter the preceding day : she showed it to her, told her her resolution of addressing one to the King in consequence of it, and then asked her, if she would be the bearer of it to him.

This, Madame de Fagel readily promised, and engaged for his having it that very night ; adding, she made no doubt but that Philip would pay all imaginable regard to it.

The Count and myself, said Adelaïde, will be indebted to you in every manner. If ever we are happy, we shall owe it to your kindness.

In answer to this, Madame de Fagel made the sincerest and strongest professions of her wishes to contribute to such an event in any shape.

When much time had been spent by them in such charming conversation as real friendship furnishes, Mademoiselle de Rocheville, who had been keeping guard for them, came and gave notice that they

could

could not with safety stay longer together.

They parted with a repetition of all those cordial sentiments which flow from the best hearts only, and which often sweeten the bitterest hours of adversity to those who are capable of feeling them.

Mademoiselle de Couci, mistrusting that her father had gone to Chelles without communicating his design to any one, sent an account of his visit to her brother. She had rightly conjectured: Madame de Couci and her son knew nothing of it but from her; they had supposed Everard only gone into the country to one of his estates, where he had talked of staying a fortnight, they did not think he would have stopped at Chelles in his way thither.

Ralph had felt all the danger such a journey portended to his sister: he immediately guessed his father absented himself from home at such a time, only to get rid of the importunate complaints and the upbraidings of a mother, and the tears of a brother. He had no sooner heard of that mysterious step of his, and of the threats

Ever-

Everard had employed with Adelaïde, than he went to Madame de Couci, and told her of them.

That affectionate Mother, alarmed at the gathering storm that was ready to burst on her Daughter's head, would not be withheld any longer by the orders she had received from an arbitrary Husband: in such an emergency, the future welfare of her child was the only consideration that swayed her. She resolved then to throw herself at Philip's feet at once, and to put her cause upon that issue: she went to the Queen Mother to procure her assistance in inclining the King to be gracious to her. Her Majesty had done her the honour to give her name to Adelaïde, when she had stood sponsor for her with Lewis the Young.

When admitted to her, Madame de Couci endeavoured to interest her in her cause by every sentiment which could influence the feelings of a Mother. After listening to her, the Queen blamed her Daughter for having conducted herself so ill towards Everard and Albert; but, softened by the distress she saw her in, she
pro-

promised to join her in petitioning the King to save her from the violence of her Father.

Philip going in just then, Madame de Couci fell on her knees to him: grief made her eloquent; she supplicated her Prince in the most moving terms to restore her only Daughter to her, who was going to be torn from her by the tyranny of her Husband: he spoke kindly to her; he raised her up; but neither she, nor the Queen Dowager, could obtain any thing from him.

Let Adelaïde, said he, marry Albert: if he has not been able to gain her heart, she cannot deny her esteem to him: it is that which forms the most lasting happiness in the marriage state; love is not material.

The King finishing those words went out of the closet, leaving Madame de Couci even more disconsolate than she had been before.

Madame de Fagel, knowing the inutil-
 tility of her application, grew less confi-
 dent of success from hers; but that did

not

not discourage her so far as to make her neglect carrying the letter she had promised to deliver.

She went to the palace, and demanded a private audience of the King; she entered, and presented it. These were the contents—

To the King.

“SIRE,

“After having offended a Father, who
“is infinitely dear to me; after having in-
“sulted a man who is entitled to the
“highest esteem, and for whom I have
“the most perfect one; after having drawn
“upon me your Majesty’s indignation—
“ (you are the most just of Kings)—can I
“venture to implore your protection?—
“And against whom!—How shall I write
“it!—Ah! against a Father!

“But what do I say?—I have no Fa-
“ther!—Vainly have I sought for one in
“Everard; I have found him an unrelen-
“ting and unmercifull judge only.

“Sire,

“ Sire, he has just acquainted me with
 “ the terrible resolutions he has taken
 “ against me : he told me of them, not
 “ to give me leave to oppose my ar-
 “ guments to them, or by my entrea-
 “ ties to prevent the execution, but to
 “ oblige me to a speedy and blind sub-
 “ mission to them.

“ Notwithstanding the regard you ho-
 “ nour him with, your equity gives me
 “ the confidence to crave your Majesty
 “ would protect me, and set some limits
 “ to an authority which is on the point
 “ of devoting me to endless misery.

“ Sire, in deigning to be mollified by
 “ the tears with which this paper is wet-
 “ ted, you will save a Parent from re-
 “ gretting, when too late, the having ty-
 “ rannised over his unfortunate Daughter
 “ in the most essential article of life, the
 “ consequences of which must be fatal to
 “ her here and hereafter.

“ The diffidence ever attendant on true
 “ respect, keeps me from troubling your
 “ Majesty with more of my complaints
 “ than what are necessary for making
 “ known

“ known to you the sad state I am reduced
 “ to by my Father’s inflexibility.

“ The only favour I have begged of
 “ him, is to let me remain in the abbey
 “ of Chelles for life, but without enga-
 “ ging myself by vows to it; this he had
 “ the cruelty to refuse me. I therefore
 “ have presumed to appeal from him to
 “ my Sovereign, the common Father of
 “ his people: this boon I expect from his
 “ justice and humanity.

“ *Adelaïde de Couci.*”

Having perused it all, the King said to
 Madame de Fagel,

I am sorry for Everard, and for the
 Marshal: Mademoiselle de Couci has mis-
 behaved to both: her procedure is inexcus-
 able; but, if she can clear herself, I will
 afford her an opportunity of doing it; by
 going myself to Chelles.

Madame de Fagel, dissatisfied with the
 result of her attempt, left him.—She un-
 derstood how difficult it would be for Ade-
 laïde to extenuate the crime of disobedi-
 ence; she hurried to send her an account
 of

of what had passed, and to prepare her for seeing Philip soon.

No sooner had she gone, than he sent to summon Du Metz to attend him in his closet: he showed him the letter, without saying how it had come to him, the lovely messenger having desired he would not mention her, lest it should involve her in disgrace with Everard, and should meet with the disapprobation of Monsieur de Fagel, who might blame her for meddling in such business.

The Marshal, still fondly attached to Adelaïde, could not in reading suppress his sorrow: he vented it sometimes with warmth, at others, in the mildest expressions; one while he wished Everard to satiate his vengeance on her, and partook beforehand of the malignant satisfaction it would give him, to see her dragged to the altar, and there bound by the most sacred oaths to live a Vestal, since she would not vouchsafe to be his wife; then, frightened at the violent menaces breathed out against her by that vindictive Father, he would

beseech the King to suspend the dire effects of his wrath.

The presence of Philip could not check those sallies of passion. That prince, always master of himself, viewed, with wonder and pity, the ravages which an inordinate inclination makes upon reason. His regard for his favorite made him feel concern for him; his reflections taught him that the wisest man could find nothing in himself but what should humble him. Free as he was from such weaknesses, Philip however knew himself to be no more exempt from human frailties than others were.

The irresolution of Albert, in showing the excess of his passion, made the Monarch more bent upon making use of every means to win Adelaïde to be his, than ever he had been before.

The distress of that beauteous girl was increased when she found what answer had been given to Madame de Fagel. In addressing herself to Philip, she had wished him to go to Chelles; but in hearing he was to be there, she was troubled: she dreaded finding in him a second Everard.

Oh! my dear Rocheville, said she to her, should the Prince come hither in the same mood my Father did; should he come to require of me reparation for the injury I have done his favorite; how should I make it?

Expect help from the weakness of Albert, replied she: your contempt has not weaned him from you; he loves, and is still doubtful of the real cause of your indifference towards him. The Count de Rethel's absence will keep him so a long time; but be heedful not to reveal your attachment to the King. Your happiness depends on your secrecy. Show less stubbornness to him; let him imagine you may be wrought upon, at last to comply with the Marshal's wishes: you have already sufficiently declared your aversion to him; change your note now a little, and stick to your disliking to receive a master: any other motive may be suspected in you.

Adelaïde de Couci adopted the sentiments of Mademoiselle de Rocheville, and began to hope from that new plea some mitigation of her woes.

Philip-

Philip-Augustus did not keep her long in expectation; he went the next day to Chelles.

The opinion I have of you, Madam, said he to her, makes me believe you punish Albert for some crime unknown to me, and which, by being divulged, will justify you to him, to Everard, and to myself. Explain yourself openly to me, Madam; be unreserved. My favour shall be the reward of your sincerity. On that condition only will I excuse what you have done; but look for no protection from me, should I find you deceiving me.

I am going to speak, Sire, answered Mademoiselle de Couci, with that sincerity which your Majesty exacts from me by every title, and which I hope will render me worthy of the goodness you have shown me.

I have nothing, Sire, to object to the Marshal du Metz: his own merits, and the friendship your Majesty has always distinguished him with, would have been the most powerfull recommendations of him to me. His flattering preference of me, his respectfull love, the esteem I have

never had for him, would most certainly have induced me to have chosen him for my husband, could I have conquered the extreme repugnance I feel to subject myself to a master. Forgive me for saying *Husband* and *Tyrant* seem synonymous terms to me, and that my imagination cannot find a distinction, if there is any, between them: so rooted is the horror I have to such slavery then, that to escape it I fled hither; meaning, by so doing, to avoid the destiny my Father had decreed me. Full of the perils of the married life, I thought it would be preferable to enter into an engagement here, which would free me from them.

But I imposed upon myself, Sire, and find now that every chain is equally dreadful to me; and thus crawling at your Majesty's feet, continued she, I conjure you to preserve me from being forced to make any fixed choice.

When you tell me, Madam, said the king, looking earnestly at her, that you cannot bring yourself to make a choice, say,

say, is it not because you have already made one?

Adelaïde de Couci is not accustomed to feign, returned she: Everard, from my tenderest infancy, has made truth and fortitude familiar virtues to me.

Why, Madam, asked Philip, did you wait until the last moment to disclose your sentiments, and then to do so by an opprobrious flight?

I fear my father, replied she, as much as I honour him; yet, Sire, did I dare to let him perceive the dislike I had to submit myself to the caprices of a husband. My mother, my brother, besought him not to force me to it: I clung about his knees; but all supplication was unavailing. I endeavoured to obtain from my reason and my duty a compliance with the fate I could not shun; I would have made the will of my father a law to my heart, and what I could not change I would have obeyed. But I apprehended making Albert as unhappy as I must have been myself; I distrusted the continuance of that good resolution, which might have made me yield.

to give him my hand: persuaded, that after marriage I should not have behaved in a manner suitable to his high deserts, from the instability of my sentiments, which were at continual variance, when I had most firmly purposed to receive him for my wedded lord, I was emboldened to infringe upon precepts which until then I had always religiously observed.

I had been instructed in all my duties; and it was, not to be exposed to the violation of the first and highest of them, that made me fail in the submission I owe to my father. My affectionate respect for him, which his worth rather than his connection has impressed me with, will never decrease; but that respect became inconsistent with that I should pay to myself.

I shuddered when I formed the scheme of retiring here for refuge; I deferred to the last minute doing of it, hoping that some alteration might be made in my state without the guilt of my disobedience. Alas! Sire, pursued she, never was guilt so reluctantly incurred, nor ever was a greater penalty

penalty inflicted on it, since it has deprived me of a parent's love.

Adelaïde was bathed in tears whilst she spoke the last sentence. Philip, though not addicted to the vices most young men indulge themselves in, could not be insensible to the beautiful mourner; her harangue had strangely disordered his judgment: her reasons seemed cogent, her arguments were conclusive; and if he did not entirely trust to her desire of remaining independent from her dread of tyranny, he at least was willing to try mild usage, and to prevail for his friend rather by persuasive than by rough words. He told her, when she had ceased speaking, —

Well, Madam, I agree to give you time to bring yourself to accept of Albert. Your understanding is beyond your age, perhaps beyond what the generality of your sex possess: be guided by it, and it must restore you to the favour of your father, as well as to mine. Come, Madam, I will give you back to the arms of Everard.

Adelaïde was shocked at the proposal.

D. 4

You

You turn pale, Madam, said he to her ;
and for why ?

Sire, I am too guilty in my father's eyes,
replied she tremulously ; I am sensible of
my fault ; I know his severity : I am too
much afraid of the bitterness of his re-
proaches, not to tremble at the idea of
going back to him. Ah ! I acknowledge
that I have excluded myself for ever from
his roof, and cannot hope he will ever take
me under it again.

I do not condemn your fears, said the
King : a father so justly irritated, and such
a one as Everard too, may daunt any un-
dutiful child. But what I shall do for you
will claim from a soul as generous as yours
is, all the return you can make to a Sove-
reign who is going to serve you instead of
a father.

Come, Madam, I will put you into the
hands of the Queen, my mother and your
godmother, who will receive you with
pleasure from me.

Joy overspread the fine face of Adelaïde
at hearing that : she knew not how to ex-
press to his Majesty her grateful acknow-
ledgements ;

ledgements; she fell at his feet, and bedewed his hands with her tears as he raised her up.

Whilst the King was receiving the community that presented itself to him to show their gratitude for his visiting the abbey, (an honour esteemed the greatest he could have conferred on it) Adelaide stole away to tell Mademoiselle de Rocheville of the lucky change in her circumstances. That sincere friend, in the solitude of her own chamber, waited the event of Philip's coming, with an anxious impatience. Her satisfaction nearly equalled that of Mademoiselle de Couci when she heard it.

Embracing her tenderly, Adelaide desired her to write to the Count de Rethel, the happy success of his project.

Affure him from me, added she, that my love and constancy are unalterable; charge him not to let corroding cares prey upon him: should he suffer his repose to be invaded by jealousy, I shall not pardon it.

The Marshal du Metz waited with restlessness for the King's return. He was surprised, as well as the whole court, at see-

ing Adelaide with him: he was alternately the sport of joy and sorrow after the first emotions had subsided.

He approached Mademoiselle de Couci; he would have spoke to her, but the inarticulated sounds died away upon his lips: she received him with a politeness somewhat cold; however, Philip was contented with it.

The High-Steward, present at the arrival of the King, shrunk back with dismay when he saw him accompanied by Adelaide. His luckless passion for Mademoiselle du Metz made him fancy she had been brought from Chelles only to be united to Albert. That thought made him wretched. He said to himself,

Raymund will again revive my alarms.
—I am doomed always to fear him.

Philip carried her to the Queen-Dowager; he begged she would take her into her service, and treat her with kindness: she agreed without difficulty to it, for she loved her; it was impossible not to do it.

Elizabeth du Metz was with her Majesty, when she came in, led by the Marshal. At the first view, she imagined her
eyes

eyes had deceived her by a false appearance ; but when convinced of its reality, she knew not what to make of it.

The pleasure she experienced in thinking Adelaïde had consented to make her Brother happy, was of very short duration ; it was quickly dashed with fear.

She was apprehensive the politic Adelaïde might have gained over the King, without having promised any thing. She believed, she doubted, she flattered herself, she desponded ; she fostered an idea that made her smile ; she rejected it soon after, for one that gave her exquisite pain.

Mademoiselle de Couci, rather partial to her naturally, and meaning to please her King by showing herself friendly to her, went up, with an easy and unconstrained air, to salute her. Elizabeth returned her compliments in so embarrassed a manner, as would have disconcerted Adelaïde, had she been acquainted with what passed in her heart.

The news of the Daughter of Everard being come back to Court, was speedily blazed abroad. Madame de Couci, upon the first rumour of it, transported with
gladness,

gladness, hastened to the Queen-Mother's. The silence, the tears, and the embraces of the mother and child, were strong though mute testimonies of their mutual fondness.

Madame de Couci did not rejoice more than Ralph did on that occasion: love and friendship were both gratified by his Sister's return. The first, always selfish, made him feel most the advantages he should gain from it. The strict intimacy subsisting between Madame de Fagel and Adelaïde, was to furnish him with opportunities and excuses for seeing and conversing often with her. Hope once more put on all those seducing charms, which beguile the unhappy for a time.

The friend likewise felt a pleasing vanity in observing the whole town interested in her being at court. He secretly enjoyed the praises given to her beauty, her capacity, and that rare assemblage of perfections she was mistress of.

The first thought of Albert du Metz was to send off a courier to Everard de Couci, who was still in the country. He gave him notice of Philip's going to Chelles,

les, of his having brought Adelaïde from thence, and of her being then with the Dowager-Queen, who had readily consented to keep her about her person: Everard was thunderstruck at the intelligence.

Ralph anxiously waited to speak with her; he had a multitude of things to say, counsels to give, and measures to take with her: it was not until the day after her return that he could do it.

He was satisfied with the relation she gave of her interview with the King, and with the sagacious answers she had made him. He advised her to carry herself fairly with Albert; and, always with the Prince, to adhere to the general dislike she had professed to have for all engagements whatever: he told her, that when he pressed her to marry, she should gently, and without showing an invincible obstinacy, only ask for time to be allowed her, which he would surely grant; and that, by procrastination, a thousand unforeseen incidents might arise that would disengage her from Albert.

Raymund and you must be patient, said the Lord de Couci: prudence and secrecy are

are your safest entrenchments: keep in those, and all may end well. You have a rival here, who is so much the more dangerous as she is the Sister of Du Metz. It is no time now to dissemble with you; you must guard against her piercing eyes.—She will incessantly study all your ways: but most she will watch your countenance whenever the Count de Rothel is mentioned; and she will take care to name him often enough to you. She suspects your attachment; she has, perhaps, had evident demonstration of it already.

Adelaïde turned cold at being told that: the miseries it foretold gave her the greatest torment. Jealousy had no share in it; she was just to the Count, and feared no inconstancy in his love: but she dreaded detection; her safety depended upon a rival. How could it be certain?

As the Marshal's Sister, Elizabeth, must have been always in some measure formidable to her, she appeared much more so when she found her in love with Raymund. Adelaïde entreated Ralph would desire the Count not to quit Rethel. To assuage her
anguish,

anguish, he promised to do all that could promote her tranquillity.

I consent with alacrity, said he tenderly to her, to be another Mademoiselle de Rocheville to you; my friendship shall serve you as usefully as hers has. I will write every day to De Rethel; he shall know all we do here: you shall see his letters to me, and I will take my answers from you, although my father's displeasure was to be incurred by it. Reckon upon me, my Sister; I love both Raymund and you too sincerely not to hazard every thing to secure your felicity. My own passion gives me a clear insight into your situation.

The Brother and Sister were still discoursing together when Madame de Fagel came to congratulate the latter on her release.

What a satisfaction is it to me, beautiful Adelaïde, said she, to see you again amongst us! This happy stroke, which I durst not have hoped, will be followed by complete happiness. My heart tells me so, and you may trust to its augury.

Ma-

Mademoiselle de Couci's expressions were suitable to hers in kindness; she was in haste to acquaint her with the discovery she had made of a rival.

That new subject for uneasiness in Adelaïde, afforded conversation for the three. Ralph, mindfull of his late rebuke, was cautious how he again encroached on the delicate confidence of the lovely Gabriella; he therefore commanded his countenance, and weighed his words so nicely, as not to hurt the most scrupulous.

Philip, in arriving from Chelles, had dispatched an express to recall Everard to Paris. Albert had informed him of the King's going to the Abbey, and of his having brought his Daughter from thence, and of her being with the Queen-Mother.

That enraged parent felt a sort of additional indignation at the cleverness of his child.

The address she must have employed to have rendered Philip favorable to her, quite bewildered him; he was tempted to attribute it to her as a new crime against him.

Ha!

Ha! cried he, does Adelaïde circumvent Everard! is she determined to outwit him? Hardly out of her cradle, will her arts obstruct my deep-laid schemes, and break the measures I had taken either to constrain her to fulfill the engagements I had contracted, or to punish the offences she has committed?

He went to Court, where, when the King saw him, he withdrew with him into a private apartment, and there talked thus to him.

You already know I have been at Chelles. I would see and hear Mademoiselle de Couci, either to approve or condemn your severity; but, although prejudiced against her, I have found her, even in her revolt, too worthy of my protection to refuse it her.

What an understanding has she!—How rational and virtuous!—Everard, so accomplished a Daughter deserves more than common regard.

It is by lenity you must subdue her repugnance to receive a master; if that will not in time act upon her, leave her quite free: her character assures you she will support

support the name of Couci with all that dignity and virtue it is renowned for.

If, in society, men should tolerate the frailties of each other, a Father of all others should show most indulgence in the government of his family. If it is grievous to a good one to find himself obliged to exercise rigor upon children who are unworthy of him; what remorse does he prepare for himself, who, with one of such acknowledged merit, employs such violence as must make her wretched for life!

It is outraging Nature to make use of any but the mildest methods: gentleness is her characteristic, and every deviation from that defeats her ends.

Everard, it is not enough to be a Father; we should likewise be the Friends of our children. Adelaïde should be treated as such by you.

My resentment against a rebellious daughter, replied he, does not make me unjust with regard to her. I do not deny the qualities your Majesty has ascribed to her; but they only make her more criminal.

The

The abuse of her understanding, her reason, and her fortitude, is more in her disfavour than any thing. Folly errs, and we forgive it; Ignorance is misled, and we do not wonder at it: but she knows her obligations better than others: she has however dared to transgress them, and she is less excusable therefore.

That resolution which spirited her up to throw off the filial yoke—that artful wit which has, by glossing over her fault, hidden it from your Majesty's penetration—that which will enable her to seem innocent when she is most guilty—it is to those talents she trusts for surmounting all the obstacles that oppose her will.

Your insinuations give rise to suspicions in me that Albert has been rejected, said Philip, because another is preferred by her. Has Adelaïde deceived me! has any one presumed to seduce her heart, knowing her hand had been betrothed to the Marshal?—Tell me; for I want to have it ascertained, that I may proceed properly.

I could, Sire, answered Everard de Couci, strengthen those suspicions by very strong conjectures; but I cannot fix them on any particular object.

He might have named the Count de Rethel, whom he believed to be the author of his Daughter's disobedience to him: he however did not; his probity would not allow him to give simple suppositions for facts, which possibly might injure Raymond with the King, and might even have engaged him in a quarrel with Albert.

Yes, Sir, continued he, Adelaïde has her predilections; I cannot doubt the error of her heart. When your Majesty demanded her of me for the Marshal du Metz, it was with silent submission she yielded to your orders, and to my will. Scarcely had Albert returned from England, when Adelaïde showed herself so averse to him, as not to be known again to me. I could only assign to love so sudden a change; love only could have produced it. What else could have made a young woman, well born and educated; one who has always been attentive to her duties before,

fly.

fly out into such extremities as were at once a breach of all decorum ?

No difficulty appeared too great for her to get over ; she has hitherto been successful in all her attempts : she depends upon her own prudence, which has never yet forsaken her in conducting her contrivances ; and she waits for events to happen which may crown all her stratagems with success. Her hopes have not so far been frustrated, since she has had artifice enough to place your Majesty between her and me.

I have only interposed between you, replied Philip, out of a spirit of equity and mildness. I love and esteem you, Everard ; I do ample justice to that superiority of merit you boast ; but, as I am acquainted with your inflexible character, I trembled for Adelaïde, and for yourself. I would preserve you from superfluous regrets, perhaps from universal condemnation.

Your suspicions seem just ; yet you may be mistaken : the event will vindicate Adelaïde, or inform me of her duplicity. Be it as it may, leave her now with the Queen my Mother.

In return, Sire, said Everard, leave me at liberty never to see an ungratefull child, whom from this hour I will renounce, excepting it be to keep her whilst I breathe from marrying any man but Albert, who has been chosen by your Majesty for her. This is the sole point in which I shall interfere about her more from henceforward.

Everard being dismissed, the Count des Barres was closeted with the King, who repeated to him the whole of the foregoing conversation; then charged him with the care of discovering whom Mademoiselle de Conci was partial to: he added, that the best way for him to get at this would be to pretend a shyness between the Marshal and him, which would make Adelaïde less guarded in her behaviour before him; that he thought Madame de Fagel likely to be in the secret, if she had an attachment; that the High-Steward should observe her very closely, and insinuate himself, by his assiduities, often into their company, especially whenever Madame de Fagel should go from the Queen-Mother's draw-

drawing room into the apartment of Adelaïde to entertain herself in chatting more freely with her ; that he should be particularly observant of those she either took most, or no notice at all of ; for that love would sometimes make women guilty of the greatest folly in that first way, or make them, by the extremest circumspection in their looks, equally confess what passes in their minds ; that either Mademoiselle de Couci would distinguish openly her lover, by continually eyeing him when he was present, or she would be so singularly cautious of not looking at him, as to make him just as conspicuous to the attentive Des Barres ; that it would be right also to note who of the courtiers spoke with the most mysterious air to Madame de Fagel, and even who was oftenest seen with her.

Steward, continued Philip, you owe to Albert this undertaking : do not apprehend making him unhappy by it ; rather let him undergo a temporary mortification than be kept longer in a futile pursuit : if she does not love, he may yet hope ; but
if

if another has already pleased her, his sense will cure him of his partiality to her. I shall not intimate to her any doubts I may have of her candour; she would be too greatly advantaged by it.

Her's is no ordinary capacity; I did not know the extent of it until I saw her at Chelles: the defence she made there for herself prejudiced me much in her favour: her speech bore all the marks of truth in it; and I own to you, I should be sorry to lose the good opinion I have conceived of her.

I wish to know for certain whether she possesses actually all the indifference she puts on, or whether it is a mask worn to deceive me: should she forfeit her claim to my favour, I will punish her deceit by giving her up to Everard again.

The High-Steward thought himself too much concerned in the Count de Rethel's success, to attend to his Majesty's directions: he was too hapless a lover to be a staunch friend to the Brother of Mademoiselle du Metz, in such a case as that was.

He

He went to Mademoiselle de Couci, and without any preface to his discourse, thus began it——

My destiny, Madam, is by a whimsical chance interwoven with yours. This has forced me now to do that, which would ruin me with my Sovereign, should it ever come to his knowledge; I betray his expectations; I keep from him the secret of your attachment, when he has ordered me to discover if you have one. I fail in the friendship I have long maintained with Albert. All this I do for an ungratefull woman.

You stare at me, Madam, and well you may, since I must speak very incoherently; but I will be clearer in expressing myself——

Everard is come back; he has had a long conference with the King: I have been told all that was said in it; and it is fit you should know what is expected from me in consequence of it.

When the Count des Barres had acquainted her with the two conversations of which she had been the theme; he ad-

ded, upon seeing her exceedingly embarrassed—

Do you suspect my integrity, Madam? Are you afraid of my ensnaring you? Can you imagine me capable of acting with such complicated perfidy? I know your secret; but let not that alarm you.

You are not able to guess at the motives that engage me to prefer the Count de Rethel's happiness to Albert's—I will expound them to you—Know then, that mine is dependent on his; I love Elizabeth du Metz, and she is attached to Raymund—Yes, Madam, she is your rival—A fearful name!—Must I not be in earnest then, when I declare myself ready to assist you in forwarding your union with the Count? So long as he is disengaged, so long shall I be slighted by her.

After this, you cannot suppose, Madam, that I should not be disposed to sacrifice every other person to the felicity of Raymund. I am in continual dread lest any accident should proclaim your connection. Madame de Fagel is suspected by the King of being your confidante: advertise

vertise her of this; she may else be surprised into some confession that would destroy you both.

Take care, Madam, how you disclose your preference of De Rethel: let Philip put on what appearance he will, you are lost the moment he knows the real state of your heart: if you mean he should protect you against Everard, continue to say you only wish to live unconnected.

The time you will gain by this, may be of the greatest help to you.—Albert, the favourite of his Prince now, may not always be so.—Queen Adelaide's friendship will increase every day for you; and she may be brought to espouse the cause of a man who has the honour of being descended, as well as herself, from the house of Champagne.—The King is himself fond of Count Raymund. The fluctuation of human life is such, that changes, little dreamt of at present, may be effected in a short time hence.

I can do little for you, Madam; but I can answer for the zeal that actuates me

to serve you ; and I will promise you to do all I can for you.

The Lord de Couci going in as the High-Steward finished his professions of kindness——

Come, Brother, said Adelaïde, come, and thank the Count des Barres for me ; my sensibility for the service he has rendered me, leaves me no words to speak my gratitude to him.

All that had been told her was repeated to him : Adelaïde and Ralph did not say how *positive* they were of what the High-Steward *suspected* about Mademoiselle du Metz's loving Raymund ; nor did they endeavour to dissuade him from thinking it : Mademoiselle de Couci was too much indebted to his jealousy, from whence she was likely to derive such succour, to aim at dispelling it.

Her Brother had had a letter from the Count de Rethel ; he gave it her to read before Des Barres : from the style of it, it was obvious how delighted, when writing it, his heart had been.

His

His beloved Adelaïde had checked the violent projects of Everard ; she was no longer immured at Chelles ; she was at court, and the King was her defender : Albert was condemned to wait until he could vanquish her apathy.

The gladness of his heart at such favourable tidings, had suggested to him those lively and natural terms which are expressive of a strong passion : his answer displayed such love, such respect, and so ardent a desire of beholding her again, as were indubitable signs to Adelaïde of his constancy and tenderness.

Had she dared to have taken up her pen, her own sentiments would have perfectly co-incided with his. But Adelaïde de Couci still sighed at her disobedience, and would not have more to reproach herself with, than what she thought might be justified by her dislike to the Marshal du Merz.

There was no occasion for informing Mademoiselle du Merz of what jealous love did in favour of Mademoiselle de Couci, to make her presage, that the of-

fended deity would sacrifice Albert and
 her to the bliss of Adelaïde and Raymund :
 she had desponded from the day the for-
 mer had gained over the King to her
 party, and had assured herself of his pro-
 tection. Elizabeth saw with the bitterest
 regret the ruin of her Brother's interest
 and her own, with their double humilia-
 tion : she could not reap any benefit from
 the secret her jealousy had penetrated into ;
 her regard for Albert, her love for Ray-
 mund, compelled her to keep it to her-
 self, and not to endanger the lives of two
 such illustrious and dangerous competitors,
 by publishing it.

The Marshal's passion was no way in-
 ferior to hers ; yet was he not in so de-
 plorable a situation as she was ; he still
 doubted of the real cause of his unhappi-
 ness : there were times in which he flat-
 tered himself that Adelaïde had only re-
 fused him because she would not bestow
 herself on any one : he dared at others to
 hope he might by his cares subdue her
 haughty soul at last : his pains too were
 softened by the presence of her he loved,

and

and by the liberty he enjoyed of speaking to her of his sufferings.

His whole business was to see her, to talk to her, and to appear worthy of her by his perseverance, and his attentions: his eagerness to study her inclinations, to seize every opportunity of gratifying them, his meek and submissive air, even in uttering his complaints; all together confirmed to Adelaïde how genuine was the passion which she could have wished never to have inspired him with.

The efforts it cost her to receive his attentions, to listen to him, and to reply to him, without losing any of that frigid air which she had assumed, and which is but too sure a mark of indifference, frequently put her to a nonplus; but she felt the necessity for doing it.

One day, teased by his importunities, and fatigued with his incessant complaints, she flew out so far as to say to him—

I am not incredulous enough, Sir, to disbelieve you after the many protestations you have made of your sentiments for

me; I am not ungrateful enough to refuse the sincerest acknowledgements to you for them: but I think there should be something more than gratitude to return your love, and to bear, without being tired, such re-iterated murmurs from you. Spare this language, I beg of you, for I cannot stand it: a thousand good qualities which you are master of, will plead more powerfully for you than any thing you can say. Do me the favour to smother your complaints therefore.

The command you will show over yourself by this, will convince me of what I have always hoped to find in you; which is, that fortitude that teaches us how to forego with patience the blessings we cannot attain.

Whatever efforts it may cost me, Madam, answered the Marshal du Metz, to do it, assure yourself that I will obey the hard law you have imposed upon me; but if I receive it with submission, trust me, I receive it also with the most sensible grief—That barbarous law, which you shall never hear me arraign after this, con-

dem.

demis me to a fruitless silence, since you have annexed no recompence to it.—Ah! Madam, to what a pitch would my misery be carried, should your partiality to another be the spring and the measure of your indifference to me!—Deign at least to make me easy about this; a single syllable from your mouth would do it: my esteem, full as strong as my passion is for you, would not suffer me to doubt it!

My conduct is my answer, returned Mademoiselle de Couci with haughtiness.

Du Metz, astonished at her pride, and rendered dumb by the look she had given him, retired without murmur or reply.

The character of Mademoiselle de Couci was at once gentle and steady; she had a courageous soul, with an upright heart: her natural haughtiness made her look with contempt on that sort of complaisance which debases; but at the same time she practised constantly all that which politeness exacts, without wounding the dignity of sentiment: her manner of thinking was noble and sublime; she never chose either to give or to receive those extravagant

praises which flattery lavishes without meaning, and which vanity devours without discernment; but she never omitted to bestow such as did not derogate from the strictness of truth.

She possessed a soft gaiety that enlivened without noise: her temper was even; her wit diverting, though perfectly inoffensive: her conversation was engaging; her manner affable, though free from all those caresses which people of less judgement are apt to imagine the tests of their affability: she was good-humoured, generous, humane, sensible to the distresses of others, and always desirous of relieving them.

With these peculiar gifts for pleasing, and by her particular endeavours to acquire the Queen-Mother's friendship, it is easy to conclude that in a little time she attained it, and was admitted to an intimacy with her royal patroness which few enjoyed: nevertheless, she did not confide to her the secret of her heart; the assurances that august personage gave her of keeping it religiously, and of aiding her
by

by her interest, could not bring her to unfold the weighty concerns of her bosom to her; the stress the High-Steward had laid upon her being silent on that article above all others, was never out of her memory.

The King saw Adelaïde every day, and every day admired her more; he took great pleasure in conversing with her, and found her company an agreeable solace to him, after being tired with state affairs.

He once said to the Count des Barres, to whom he most commonly spoke of her—

Could I forget myself so much as to yield to a lawless passion, Adelaïde de Couci would be the object of it; there are temptations about her, which no other female ever had before in my eyes: perhaps the respect I feel for her virtue is the only preservative I have against loving her; that suffices however to hinder me from ever swerving from what is due to her, and to myself.

Steward, continued he, Everard's insinuations are injurious to her: she is too

nar—

narrowly watched on all sides to remain undetected, had she been partial to any individual : her deportment proves the veracity of her words to me. The Marshal is unlucky in not being able to win her ; I am sure he never will now : Adelaïde is immoveable in her determination. I foresee that Albert will think it an hardship upon him to follow me into Palestine ; yet the hour draws on apace : the Crusaders are all ready to march ; the banners will quickly be displayed ; and he must go with us.

His Majesty had but too clear an insight into the cogitations of Albert's heart ; his love made him behold with disgust the preparations for going to the Holy-Land. Had his passion been more successful, the thirst of glory might have alleviated the pangs of absence ; but Du Metz was to leave a mistress dear, though insensible to him.

The French vied with one another in manifesting their ardour to relieve Jerusalem ; but it was not practicable so soon as they wished it to be : that voyage was de-

deferred by Philip-Augustus's carrying the war into Berri.

The league of amity that had been sworn to by the King of England and himself, on their receiving the cross; those religious motives which had made them disarm on the first rumours of the miseries of the Syrian Christians, were shortly after sacrificed to more selfish views.

Henry was warlike, and, though far from being young then, was still formidable to his enemies: the perpetual insults he was liable to, not only from his ambitious neighbours, but from his own sons, incited to rebel against him by their mother, the imperious and termagant Eleanor, as well as by the intrigues of the rival potentates, whose territories bordered on his Norman dominions, made Henry a more unhappy parent than he was a great King; though in that light few of his contemporaries could equal him, none surpassed him.

Amongst those most busy in disturbing his quiet, Philip was the foremost. Richard, surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, Henry's eldest

eldest remaining son, was an enterprising, valiant, and renowned prince. Philip fearing that if he should be placed at the head of all his Father's forces, under pretence of leading them to Palestine, he might, before he went thither, do something by way of deciding the ancient quarrels between France and England: to prevent therefore the union that might be dangerous to him, by a policy as inhuman as it was interested, Philip tried to debauch the Prince from the allegiance he owed his King and his Father, certain of always profiting from their domestic troubles.

He then kindled the war in the province of Berri, to carry on his invidious designs against the unfortunate Henry in fomenting his family divisions. Thus the rectitude of the man was sacrificed to the politician's wiles; and Philip-Augustus listened to the suggestions of ambition, rather than to those of humanity.

He issued orders for all his troops to assemble, and his departure for Berri soon after took place.

The

The Marshal and the High-Steward felt to what a height grief might be carried when they parted from those they loved; but their complaints were addressed to two ingrates, who saw their tears flow without sympathy. Raymund so totally engrossed the hearts of Adelaide and Elizabeth, as to leave no room in them even for pity to Albert and William.

The Lord de Couci was not in so lamentable a case; he set out after having expressed the tenderest concern for Adelaide, and having taken directions from her never to mention the Count de Rethel in any of his letters to her, as they might be intercepted; telling him Mademoiselle de Rocheville, through her Nephew's agency, would receive from and send Raymund intelligence of her.

He had taken the cross, as has been already said, with Philip. Adelaide, when she imagined the voyage to the Holy Land was to have been immediate, had charged her Brother and Des Barres to write to the Count, and desire him not come to Paris, as he talked of doing. His deference

her had made him acquiesce in that, as well as in the second injunction he got from her, when the army was sent into Berri, not to come to Court, though he wished to have taken leave of the two Queens.

He prepared, as soon as he learnt that war was declared, to meet the King, whom he joined when he had come three days march from Paris.

The gracious reception given him by his Monarch, convinced him he was still honoured with his esteem; but this circumstance did not give him the joy he found in embracing his dear Ralph. They had so much to say to each other, that their first discourses were without method or connection: love made them both impatient to speak. De Couci entertained Raymund about Madame de Fagel; De Rethel spoke only of Mademoiselle de Couci.

When their joy in some degree subsided, they began to converse more methodically, to hearken to one another, and to answer properly. Whatever they said, mutually demonstrated that their attachments were as refined as they were violent.

Was

Was I to die with sorrow, said Ralph to Raymund, and did Madame de Fagel see the last breath quivering on my lips, she would not, to save my life, own her regard for me.—Her purity of mind is invincible; but she is no longer armed with that disdainful air which humbled me so much.

I do not believe, my friend, her tenderness will ever permit her to fly the Count. If her virtue ordains her to do it, my respect shall retain her.

The Count des Barres, charmed to meet De Rethel again, received from him, with much satisfaction, the testimonies of gratitude he gave him in his greetings. He would have thought himself too happy, could he have added, to the marks of confidence he had shown Mademoiselle de Couci, any new incident that would have sealed his marriage with her.

Des Barres considered that as the era from whence he might date his happiness, and on which he should erect the foundation of his hopes.

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle du Metz made at first the topic of their discourse; the manner in which William talked about her, gave the Count to understand that she still filled the heart whose homage she refused.

Love, the ruling passion in the souls of those three young heroes, took off nothing from their bravery; nay, possibly it whetted the edge of their desire of gaining fame. They spent all their leisure together, and those sweet moments flew so much the swifter away, as they were always passed in talking of inexhaustible and pleasing subjects.

One day, as they were sitting together, the Count de Rethel asked the High-Steward and Ralph,

If they had ever seen any person like the picture he then showed them? My Sister has given you her picture! said De Coucl, reddening, and looking at the box Raymond held open in his hand. I love you, Count, perhaps better than I should have loved a Brother; you know the vows I have offered for your happiness, but if I am surprised that you have dared to beg
of

of my Sister such a pledge of her affection, I am much more so to find she has so disregarded herself as to give it you.

It is so unlike herself, and so incompatible with the rigid attention she has always paid to decorum, that I could almost discredit the evidence of my own eyes.

Raymund, smiling, thus replied——

I see plainly you would hardly forgive me, had I had this painting from Mademoiselle de Couci; but certainly, continued he in a more serious tone, she never would forgive me, was I to suffer you for an instant to suspect her delicate virtue of such a deviation from its rigor. This, Ralph, is the picture of my divine and ill-fated Alicia; the Viscount de Melun has one that is a copy of this.

I have seen it, said Des Barres; I should have been taken in as De Couci was; but the Viscount had prepared me for seeing the resemblance there was between those two beauties.

Raymund then related to them the anecdote about his getting the one he had into his possession.

Judge

Judge now, my dear Ralph, said he, if notwithstanding all Everard's engagements, I could withstand Mademoiselle de Couci's charms.

The personal likeness that illustrious girl bore to the Countess de Dammartin, gave occasion for many reflections to be made on the capriciousness of Raymund's fate.

That picture, said Ralph to him, must be infinitely valuable to you, as being that of Madame de Dammartin; you might even suffer it to be seen in your hands without blemishing her memory: but in the present contingency, the dearer it is to you, from its resembling Adelaïde, the more you ought to conceal it. Should it ever be observed by Albert, he would no longer be at a loss for the rival he is now seeking so diligently.

Whilst Berri was the theatre of war, Paris was that of love. Mademoiselle de Couci, Madame de Fagel, and Mademoiselle du Metz, equally felt its power, and put up the same prayers for the safety of those they were fond of.

But

But their sensations in the main were different. Madame de Fagel reproached herself for her weakness; and finding she should soon become incapable of opposing it, without some assistance, she applied to Adelaïde to be her monitress, and to help her, by her fortitude, to conquer herself: she entreated her to represent her duty to her severely, and to remind her continually of what she owed to her Husband: she insisted on her doing it, even roughly, whenever she found her forgetting herself, and becoming criminal by the consent she gave to ideas unbecoming her as a Wife.

I am ambitious of your esteem, virtuous Adelaïde, cried she; and yet I am unworthy of it. I beseech you to tell me you cannot grant it me; the shame I shall feel from the refusal, and the wish I have to obtain it, may do more with me than reason alone can.

Madame de Fagel recollected, with confusion and remorse, that she had not kept up to the resolution she had taken of shunning

ning the Lord de Couci, by retiring from Court. The return of his Sister, and may be the frailty of her own heart, had detained, and even attracted her thither oftener than she should have gone. The evening preceding his departure, she had been in company with him and Adelaïde: she had participated in their affliction. Ah! perhaps she had felt most of it!

Too much severity and too much indulgence have equally undone me! exclaimed she to herself.

Mademoiselle de Couci had no cause for combatting her sentiments; her sense and her pride applauded them: nevertheless she was in a cruel situation. She was afraid of never being united to the Count de Rethel; she was afraid even of drawing upon him the King's displeasure, and the greatest of all evils. Had not the Marshal's Sister discovered her secret, it might have been impenetrable; but how could it be when a rival knew it!

Mademoiselle du Metz would willingly have exchanged pains with Adelaïde; she envied hers; her own, not being lightened by

by any hope, were intolerable. She could no longer question her own or her Brother's misfortune; it was too apparent. She saw, with the most poignant anguish, the success that had awaited the prudence of Adelaïde: she inferred from thence that her wary conduct would at last carry her to the goal she aimed at. Those mortifying thoughts made her resolve to disclose to her Brother, who his rival was; but immediately afterwards, abhorring such a proceeding, she would demand of herself—Who are the victims I should sacrifice to my envious jealousy?—Alas! what should I do to my foes, if I am thus fatal to those who are most beloved by me?

The news that came every day from the army, spread a universal glee all over Paris. The names of Montmorenci, RetHEL, Couci, De Reux, Du Metz, and Des Barres, were distinguished above all others in the accounts sent from Berri, whenever any act of signal valour had been achieved.

The three heroines above mentioned were so much the more delighted with such relations,

lations, as they justified their taste ; the approbations of a satisfied vanity, mingled with the emotions of their kindness. One of them forgot at such times, that her *honour* condemned her folly ; another of them no more thought of any thing but the choice that was so flattering to her, although she was lowered by the preference he gave to Mademoiselle de Couci.

She, encouraged by her former success, promised herself to overcome all the obstacles that still lay in her road to happiness, and gave herself up to all the vivacity which her innocence and strong hopes inspired her with.

The campaign was as brilliant for Philip as he could have desired. He took several towns in a few weeks ; he gained almost every battle he fought against Henry : he went back to Paris, after having pursued him to the frontiers of Normandy. There the Counts De Rethel and Des Barres performed such prodigies of valour in a decisive action, as turned the scale in favour of France.

It

It was with regret, adequate to the extreme sensibility of Raymund, that he separated from his friends to return to Rethel; he was afflicted that he could not appear amongst them at Court: the King himself had condescended to reproach him for not accompanying him to Paris: but it was not to be; Adelaïde had forbidden him to go; it had hurt her as much to enact, as it did him to conform to such a law.

They both found some relief from their woe; he, in going to a tender Father who was overjoyed at seeing him return loaded with honours; she, in beholding her Brother covered with laurels.

Des Barres stood before Mademoiselle du Metz as dejected, and as diffident, as if he had fled from the face of his enemy.

If I could have found Death when I fought him in the field, Madam, said he to her, you should not now have had the disagreeable task of seeing a man, whose life you have made insufferable to him.

How should you have found death, replied she, when you carried victory with

you wherever you went? You are ungenerous, Sir, if you think your return is painful to me: if my esteem for you, which exceeds what I feel for most others, does not satisfy you, it might at least save me from hearing such accusations from you.

Alas! Madam, cried he, can you then only esteem me?

Would it were in my power to do more! said she; you are deserving of it. You attack my heart with advantages that should subdue it; every quality unites in you that can promise you success; yet it refuses to accept of your proffers. Doubtless, I am a greater loser by that than you can be.

Ah! Madam, answered he, how pitiless you must be, to see my sufferings without wishing to ease them—to give me such stabs without repentance!

My regard for you, returned she, prompts me to give them; I would aid you against myself: my indifference, and your fondness, equally shame me; but since you cannot remove the one, withdraw the other.

Oh!

Oh! Steward, may you have strength of mind sufficient to accomplish your cure!

In the interim, avoid every opportunity that can show your weakness, and upbraid me with my injustice. This will be consonant to the high reputation you bear.

The Count des Barres quitted her, chilled at words that quashed all his hopes at once, and commanded him to be silent: he left Elizabeth lost in reflections, into which his attachment had drawn her.

The Marshal's situation was not better than hers, or the High-Steward's; it might in some sort be less supportable. Love had smiled upon him; it had promised him the object of his adoration: the moment had been fixed which was to have made him master of her; it had flown away, and left him despairing of its return.

The insensibility of Mademoiselle de Couci, and the repeated intreaties she made to the King, and to the Queen-Mother, not to compel her to marry, bereft him of comfort.

His passion did not lessen; but the speech she had made him before he went

to Berri, had such an effect on him, that he had never ventured afterwards to speak to her of his love, or to complain to her.

His behaviour was the only interpreter of his woes: Adelaïde took no notice of any thing he did to prove his tenderness and submission; she saw it all with the most ungracious inattention.

Some amiable woman, she would say to Madame de Fagel, may make the Marshal inconstant: how pleased should I be to find myself neglected by him! with what joy would I promote his addresses to another!

Constance de Montmorenci, who is just introduced at Court, is a charming creature: I vaunt to Albert, her birth, the softness and gentleness of her temper; and without seeming to intend any consequences from it, I make him observe the many graces that adorn her figure.

If Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, when she comes to the Queen's, does not place herself near me, I approach her, and attract the Marshal to us: I then encourage Constance; I draw her out to talk; I give her

her frequent occasions to display the depth of her understanding, and the sweetness of her manners; in short, I present Albert at a shrine where his vanity might be flattered in sacrificing me.

The High-Steward seconds my plot; he excites the Lady-Marshall's spleen against me, underhand: he tells her, she should prevail on her son to make a new choice; he mentions the young Constance, he extols her charms, he dwells upon the nobility of her descent: to Du Metz he speaks to the same purpose; he reminds him of my dislike to marriage; he makes him feel how humiliating it must be to him to be rejected by me; he destroys every ray of hope he can have about me, whilst he raises others much more glittering, when he offers this new beauty to him; he tries gradually to wean his heart from me, and to give it to Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

My dear Adelaïde, replied Madame de Fagel, your attempts will be vain; it would be less difficult to resist than to forsake you.

Let me hope, at least, for what I wish so devoutly, said Mademoiselle de Couci.

Ralph joining them, they discoursed of other matters. Since his return from the army, he had never been able to find Madame de Fagel alone with his Sister, until then; she was visibly disturbed at his entrance, and the palpitations of her heart made her anxious to get away. De Couci was no more himself when he perceived her retiring.

What have I done, Madam, said he, to be thus shunned?

You have obliged me, Sir, to do it, answered she, by having once forgot yourself. If I have, since that, sometimes admitted you into my company, it has not been because my severity was relaxed, but from my having been more occupied with your Sister's concerns than with any thing else, upon her first coming from Chelles; I shall do it no more.

What! Madam, rejoined he, do you repent having shown me a little compassion, which, without disparaging that austere virtue I honour in you, has sweetened the bitterness

bitterness I taste in the purest and most exalted passion that ever man felt?

Repent!—Yes, Sir, I do repent any apparent condescension that may have served to nourish such a passion as yours, replied she.—Let me fly now, lest my ears be again polluted with the sounds——Why name to me at all a fatal love, that as a Wife I cannot hear of without a crime?

Ah! Madam, cried he, kneeling at her feet, how rudely does Love treat me now for my past transgressions!—Why did I not adore Mademoiselle de Vergi in Burgundy?—Oh! too happy Alcides, how dearly has thy stupidity cost thee!

He had scarcely articulated the word Alcides, when he was confused, and wildly cried out——

What have I done!—Whither has my folly carried me!

A profound silence ensued. Madame de Fagel, abashed, cast an angry glance at Mademoiselle de Couci.

Your intelligent eyes, said Adelaïde to her, inform me that you think me the basest of women; it would, perhaps, con-

found me less than it does, had I been capable of betraying you. Your suspicion is so much the more grating to me, as appearances are strongly against me. Ha! can you disesteem me so much as to imagine——

No, Madam, said Ralph, interrupting his Sister, Adelaïde has not deceived you; her worth is the counterpart of your own. I will clear her immediately to you.

He then succinctly related upon what occasion, and in what way, he had been a concealed witness to her conversation in the dressing-room; where she and Mademoiselle de Couci had thought themselves quite private.

Love and jealousy stimulated me, Madam, pursued he, to find out a method of knowing a secret, which I have been fool enough now to blab to you.

Alas! do not cast me off for having heard from your own mouth the tender complaints of Mademoiselle de Vergi for the indifference of Alcides; it is that same Alcides who now admires and loves you, and
who

who sighs at your feet for his former neglect.—

Do not be terrified, Madam, added he, seeing the consternation of Madame de Fagel: the respect which always has and always will attend my sentiments for you, ought to mitigate the severity of those laws you have made for yourself.

You might, without harm, Sir, answered she, have dived into a secret I would have kept from myself; but do you fancy I ever can excuse the temerity that made you now boast of your knowledge to me?

O pardon, Madam, an oversight, said Ralph, which my distraction brought on— Hear me with some indulgence!

No, Sir, returned Madame de Fagel with firmness, it has taught me what I have to do; I will never more either see or hear you again. I owe this to my duty; and whatever effort it may require from me, it shall be done. You might, with less indelicacy, have given me warning to fly you—but since this has been your manner of doing it, I must bear it.

Why, my dear Adelaïde, continued she, turning to her, why did I ever mention to you the wretchedness of my soul?—But I go to expiate the fault I have committed in it.

She hurried from them after that. Ralph would have followed her; but his Sister held him, saying——

Whither are you running, my Brother?—Ha! would you longer enjoy the confusion and pain of my poor friend?

Your imprudence has been horrible, it reflects on you!—You stole into the privacy of our conversation, and you have been inconsiderate enough to pronounce the name of Alcides before us; your rashness will be chastised—Madame de Fagel will deprive you of the sight of her for ever—I hope so, at least, from the opinion I have of her.

Oh! my too cruel Sister! exclaimed he, rising out of the chair he had thrown himself into, would you drive me mad?

He left her apartment without attending to the voice that called after him. My Brother,

Brother, stay—your agitation makes you unfit to be seen.

Madame de Fagel went home with all the remorse and anxiety of a malefactor who had been accused and convicted. Her first thought was, to go to her Father, and to beseech him to take her from Paris. She found him by himself.

My dear, said he, on her going into the room, you seem to be distressed; what has happened?

I am come to desire my Father will carry me from hence, replied she in a tremor—I will never appear at Court again—If you love me, engage Monsieur de Fagel to go from this place.

My child, do you think it really can be done? answered the Lord de Vergi. Why would you leave the court of Philip? Fagel will never agree to it.

He must, my Father, he must agree to it, cried she in a more animated tone; he must take me from hence, where his honour and mine are exposed to the greatest dan-

danger: his submission to you, assures me of his compliance.

You frighten me, my dearest Gabriella, said De Vergi. Your conduct forbids me to suspect you of any failure in your duty; but your discourse, and still more your disordered looks, tell me something has been amiss; why else those dreadfull apprehensions of impending danger? Ah! my Daughter, is your heart false to its vows? You say nothing to that.

Oh! my honoured Sir, cried she in a flood of tears, commiserate your wretched child. Ask not if the emotions of my heart are repugnant to my duty!—Probe not too deeply into the wound you cannot heal!—But, without further investigation, lend me your helping hand to save me from a frightfull precipice, on whose brink I now stand shivering.

You move my soul, my Gabriella, said the good old Lord; I will do all I can for you—but why not trust a little more to yourself? Your fears persuade me that so enlightened a heart must triumph over the emotions it disapproves. Why think that
honour

honour endangered which has never yet been attempted? Be calm, my love; time will efface impressions you have admitted unwarily, and which at this time your virtue disavows.

I shall despair, said she, if you deny me your help.—Ah! my Father, if ever I was dear to you, grant me the favour I now so earnestly sue for!—Let me not find you as little disposed to quit Paris as Monsieur de Fagel has been when I have besought him.

It is enough, my child, replied De Vergi; I know the necessity for yielding to what you have so warmly solicited; I read what passes in your soul: I will not enquire more of you; I will even refrain from adding any reproofs to those you have already given yourself. . . . Yes, Gabriella, you shall go; I will endeavour to detach your Husband from a place where contagion may be so pernicious to you both: my tenderness for you shall make me quit it myself: I will say to him, prudence requires it; and Fagel will accompany me.

Go,

Go, my unhappy Daughter; spare me the chagrin of seeing you torn by remorse, and struggling with an illicit passion; conceal your agitations from a Husband who idolises you, and who merits a Wife entirely devoted to him.

The Lord de Vergi had much difficulty in getting Monsieur de Fagel's assent; he submitted however at length to go with him, as he thought he would not brook a separation from his only child, on whom he doated.

Fagel, not knowing the share his Wife had had in the retreat of her Father, communicated his intention to her, viewing her at the same time narrowly; she received the news with so placid an air as astonished him.

She, who had herself brought about the design, felt how arduous the execution of it would be to her; she could not without the utmost horror think of abandoning for ever the place where Ralph de Couci inhabited. During the few succeeding days that she remained at Paris, her weakness and her reason were at strife.

She

She would freely have omitted her obligation of taking leave of the royal family, she dreaded so much meeting the Lord de Couci again: she trembled at the thought of seeing in his countenance the state of his disordered mind.

It was a thunderbolt to him, to hear of her going; he was robbed even of the melancholy consolation of complaining to her of so much rigor: she was no longer seen at court, she did not go to Adelaïde; and he was afraid of presenting himself at her door: her wrath would have been terrible to him; besides, he was convinced she would not have admitted him.

O, my Sister, said he to Mademoiselle de Couci, I shall lose Madame de Fagel—she will preserve your esteem, and doom me to death!—The cruel Gabriella fulfills your expectations—It was you instilled into her what you call *fertitude*, but which in her is *barbarity*.

Just Heaven! am I not already fully punished for my rashness? Why should my Sister reproach me more with it?

Ralph,

Ralph, in his furious transports, made Adelaide in great measure responsible for his misfortune; he upbraided her often with it: affected at his situation, she let him vent himself in that way to her, without showing the least anger: but she was carefull never to say aught that could give him any hope.

Two days before she departed, Madame de Fagel went to court; as she was going from the young Queen's, the Lord de Couci met her.

You are to quit us then, Madam, said he to her. Ha! how severely do you punish me! But that death, which I shall seek with all the fury of despair, will better avenge my crime than you can do!

Do not make me more miserable than I am, replied she, seized with terror. This is the last minute we shall ever speak together, and the only one in which I shall be deaf to the stern dictates of my duty, those I suspend now only to request of you to live. Do not, by your death, subject me to greater calamities than those I now groan under!

What

What cruelty is yours, Madam, said he ! You command me to live, yet you are resolved never to let me see you again.

I do, indeed, *command* you to live, returned she ; my virtue allows me to use that absolute term to you : it does not take offence at my being interested in the life of the unfortunate Ralph !

Farewell ! continued she. Do not follow me ! Grant me this last mark of your esteem ! I am going to embrace your Sister, and to bid her an eternal adieu ! — May she prove happier than I am !

Madame de Fagel hastening from him went to the Queen-Mother ; Adelaïde was with her : after paying her respects to her Majesty, she retired with Mademoiselle de Couci to another room.

I am setting out for the country, my beauteous friend, said she tenderly to her : despise me therefore no longer ; the victory I have obtained over myself should re-instate me in your friendship. Remember sometimes the most unhappy of women ; pity, but never speak of me to your Brother :

ther: let him forget me; it will be best for us both to have it so.

The affliction I am in now, answered Adelaïde, is a trying circumstance to me: I pity as much as I honour you; my friendship is such as you would wish it.

May you, virtuous Adelaïde, added Madame de Fagel bathing her face with her tears, as she embraced her, be as happy as you are good! Your union with Raymond shall be one of my most fervent prayers.

They both separated with aching hearts and wet eyes.

Madame de Fagel left Paris enveloped in the deepest sadness, and Ralph felt all the pangs his inadvertence had drawn on him.

Mademoiselle de Couci long lamented the loss of a friend in whom she had placed the most unlimited trust, and whose exquisite sufferings had sincerely concerned her. She feared her retiring would be of no service to her in calming her throbbing bosom; she knew the violence of its sorrows, and

and she could not hope they would be allayed.

She flies, said she to herself; she satisfies her duty in so doing: I applaud her for it; but, alas! she cannot get rid of herself! That inbred foe to her repose will attend her every where! Such would have been my lot had I been the Wife of Albert!

Constance de Montmorenci consoled Adelaïde as much as she could for the absence of Madame de Fagel: they connected themselves in the strictest bonds of friendship; they were well paired, and worthy of each other.

Their intimacy making them inseparable, the Marshal was every day in company with the amiable Constance: he thought her handsome and pleasing; he agreed to all that was said in her praise: Adelaïde artfully dwelt upon it whenever she could; but all her eulogiums could not eclipse her own charms in his eyes: she was the unrivalled mistress of his affections.

The King, thoroughly convinced of the invariable steadiness of Mademoiselle de Couci,

Gouci, would have induced Albert to have sought another partner. The High-Steward had ingeniously brought Philip to think of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci for him; he had likewise suggested it to the Lady-Marshal, as a match befitting her Son's dignity.

That proud woman could not endure he should be the scorn of Adelaïde any more; her soaring ambition set her on forming some high alliance; she could not have chosen one more suitable for him than Constance: by Des Barres' advice, she spoke to the King of it; he was pleased she should think as he did of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, and pressed Du Metz more warmly on the subject: the Count des Barres, on his side, urged him to give up one who was determined never to enter into any shackles.

Albert, rebuffed by Adelaïde, depressed by the High-Steward, persuaded by the Prince, and worried by the solicitations of his Mother, began to slacken in his pursuit of the first; but one view of her renewed again all his former ardor. He

was

was resolved to hear what Mademoiselle de Couci would say to him, and he thus addressed her one day—

Shall I never, Madam, conquer your indifference? Am I condemned never to possess the only person that can make me happy? Am I totally hopeless?

Your enquiries distress me much, said she to him; yet, the cordial manner in which you ask my opinion, demands of me to answer accordingly—Be assured that my regard and gratitude for you are such, as to make me sorry I cannot return your sentiments properly; but, to be frank with you, I must say I never can comply with what is required of me in your behalf.

Trust me, you had better offer your heart to some other, who, in accepting it, will indemnify you for my insensibility.—It would gladden my soul exceedingly was Mademoiselle de Montmorenci to be the object of your choice: she would make you happy: I have the tenderest friendship for her, and the most perfect esteem for you; so that seeing you united would complete my felicity.

What

What a mixture of cruelty and kindness ! exclaimed the Marshal.—Ah ! Madam, you make me know the value of what I lose, at the very time you would wish to depreciate it most. Oh ! how can I resign you ? Yet it shall be so ; you have prevailed.—Born to command over mankind, I will not be the only one you find refractory to you. One generous effort, in rendering me worthy of your esteem, will restore you to your Father's favour.—Yes, Madam, I will desist from pursuing my pretensions to you further ; my persevering so long in them is a crime I will atone for by this renunciation.

Alas ! Madam, since then you have ordered me, I will go strait to Everard, and release him from his engagements to me : by that means, he will be appeased, you will be contented, and I shall be the only sufferer.

The Marshal left Adelaïde overwhelmed with joy at so unexpected a change : he went to his own house from her ; Mademoiselle du Metz was at home ; he saw her——

It is done, my Sister, said he; I am vanquished—I yield to the inclination of the King, to the entreaties of my Mother, to the admonitions of Des Barres, to those my own pride has given me; but, above all, I yield to the persuasions of Mademoiselle de Couci.—Constance de Montmorenci is pointed out to me by the finger of Fate itself: she is entitled to the triumph she has gained over my soul. Too long has Adelaïde debased it! I have often fancied I heard the by-standers saying as I passed along——

Behold that man, who is the favorite of his Prince, and the despised lover of Adelaïde de Couci!

Never should I have won her! she has just now assured me herself of it.—I will then renounce the haughty beauty who cannot submit to the authority of an Husband: I shall always have the satisfaction, at least, of not seeing her in the possession of any other.

What an error! cried Mademoiselle du Metz, alarmed at the resolution he had taken—Renounce Adelaïde to-day, and
wed

Constance to-morrow—The veil will then be taken off, the mystery will be exposed to the light, and you will see that very girl, whose coldness you suppose invincible, more tender to another than ever she has been indifferent to you.

You deceive yourself, Sister, answered Albert. To disabuse you, only let us take a retrospect of her behaviour since her coming back from Chelles: her tranquillity has never been disturbed by the shadow of any passion; nothing has softened her heart; she has been insensible to admiration as well as love, and has universally contemned every man who has approached her presence. You know with what attention she has been observed: I have never lost sight of her; the High-Steward has studied all her actions, as well as myself; no one has received encouragement from her; her tepidity has been general. No, Elizabeth; she never will love; her temper is incapable of it. If I cannot have her myself, no one will be more successfull with her; I shall not have

to blush at a preference, the slightest apprehension of which would make me foam with rage.

This idea has engaged me to desist from my claim to her : I am going now to signify it to Everard, and from thence to inform his Majesty that I have broken off that engagement, and, according to his desire, to beg he would ask and obtain Constance de Montmorenci for me.

Do, Brother, said Elizabeth du Metz, with a sneer, go, and by that step make the first preparations for the nuptials of one, who will laugh at your credulity, and kind forbearance—as well she may!

Yes, continued she raising her voice, Adelaïde loves; you may believe me, for I know it; and her flame, from being hidden, burns so much the fiercer: judge of this by its effects; and, since it is from her exterior you would judge of her interior, let her actions be your conviction.

What have those been, but such as are above her age and her sex? A series of the boldest and most desperate enterprises! Has she not thrown off all filial submission,

resisted all power, and withstood the extremes both of kindness and severity? What, but that most potent of incentives to female bravery, could have inspired her to act so contradictory to her native softness, as she has done? She loves, take my word for it.

That speech enflamed the Marshal's jealousy more than ever: he shook; his colour varied from red to white every moment; his heart was brimfull of fury.

I can believe you, cried he; you must know best. Oh! my Sister, tell me who my rival is! Show me the breast I am to pierce!

Why do you not do it? . . . You are troubled, and struck dumb. . . . You regret what you have said to me.

Alas! my Brother, replied she, can you wonder at it? Albert, I dread the consequences. . . .

Why so? said he. Speak, can't you?

No, I will not.

What! will you be ill-natured enough, returned the Marshal, to tell me Adelaïde loves, and not name my rival to me? Does

Albert

O

Will not he

he make you fear for my safety? Is he invulnerable? O, my Sister, mention him, and depend upon my arm for washing out in his blood the foul stain he has cast upon me.

The tender attachment I have to you, said Mademoiselle du Metz, cannot make me break the oath I have taken, never to name him to you: I could not, without an unseemly baseness, reveal to you what I would have you be always ignorant of.

Barbarian! cried Albert, why then did you awaken me from my dream? I was on the point of being happy, when your hatred, rather than your attachment to me, has made me more wretched than ever!

Do not chide me, said she; I am already conscience-stricken.

I have a rival! repeated he—But where shall I find him? Where is he concealed, Sister? Impart it to me, I implore you!

I have told you before, rejoined Elizabeth, that I am bound by an oath, and all your supplications will be useless.

The Marshal, swelling with spite and vexation, went directly back to the Queen-

Dowager's, there to load Adelaïde with invectives.

He was entering the palace-gate when he met the High-Steward; he declared to him, with all the exaggerations of an enraged and injured man, the discovery he had just made. With what mortification did William des Barres hear from Albert the conversation he had had with his Sister! He felt, with the most vehement sorrow, that the unrequited passion of that splenetic girl had made her act and speak, and had even silenced her again.

He saw, with grief, that she had destroyed in one instant the tedious work of many months, which was at last going to extricate Mademoiselle de Couci, the Count de Rethel, and himself, from the obstacles that had opposed their common bliss.

The Marshal Du Metz was speaking to the Count des Barres with the tone and gestures of an agitated person when the King appeared in sight——

What is the matter, Marshal? said he to him. What has raised your choler?

The

The obsequious courtiers who encompassed the Monarch, withdrew, as soon as they perceived by his eye he invited Albert to retire with him to another place. When he had done so—

Ah! Sire, said he, my Sister has sorely wounded me. The perfidious Adelaïde is as fond as she has appeared insensible to us!

He then recounted all that had passed, first between Mademoiselle de Couci and him, then what he had heard from Elizabeth du Metz: Philip, seeing him so unreasonably provoked, said to him—

I forbid your speaking to Adelaïde now; I even forbid you the apartment of the Queen, my Mother.

Albert, struck at the order, sullenly retired, and left Des Barres with the King, who thus continued talking to him—

In whose favour can her heart be prejudiced? Mademoiselle du Metz knows, but will not reveal it—I would not, if I could, get her to do it: I must however positively be informed of it. The affair may become fatal to some one or other; it has been carried on a great while; we

must now terminate it in some way at once. It was not to spare Adelaïde de Couci the reproaches of the Marshal that I forbade his going to the Queen's; it was to prevent her having any item of my knowing, that, under a borrowed appearance of indifference, she has concealed a real passion: I would take her unprepared for an answer, to get from her the situation of her heart; I would fain leave her the whole merit of her ingenuousness. If she has abused my kindness, and will not open her mind to me, I will abandon her; but, if she has sincerity enough still to own all to me, I will pardon her a fault which I am sure she could not have committed without reluctance. If she has chosen properly for herself, I will not only disengage her from Albert, by concluding his marriage with Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, but I will also undertake to reconcile Everard to her.

The High-Steward had no sooner gone from the King, than he went to the Queen-Dowager's; he had not a moment to lose; that prudent friend went near to Made-

moi-

moiselle de Couci, and, without putting on any air of importance, whispered to her——

The jealousy of Mademoiselle du Metz has bereaved us of the fruits of our toils: she has let your secret escape her; she has intimated to her Brother that you love; but the fear of some disaster attending it, made her refrain from naming Raymund. The King will enquire about it of you; you must, Madam, without prevarication, own it to him: your candor will be recompensed; dread nothing from it. Say not, you have been apprised by me of what has happened; but speak unreservedly to Philip. Command yourself: let not this intelligence alter your countenance.

She thanked him, by her looks, for the service he had done her. In a minute, she passed from the joy she had felt since the Marshal had left her, into inexpressible affliction. A multitude of confused thoughts at once assailed her; perplexed by their contrariety, she knew not what to do with

herself. The next day, the Prince sent to tell her, he would speak with her.

If, when I asked you at Chelles, said he to her, to acknowledge the true state of your heart to me, you then dissembled, I excuse you for it; you might then have been intimidated: but, Madam, the encouragement I have since given you, should have dispelled all your fears by this. As a return for what I have done, I require of you to speak now without disguise. Tell me, is your heart engaged, or not?

Philip had hardly got so far, when Adelaïde falling at his feet, replied——

I am less afraid of owning my guilt to your Majesty, than of forfeiting your favour by my reserve: I am too sensible, Sire, of what I owe you, not to repay it by the confidence you require of me. My duty has vainly called upon me to like Albert; my affections have been given to another; but, if I am reproached for this, the choice I have made may exculpate me. I have no cause to be ashamed of any thing
but

But my disobedience to my King; yet, Sire, that disobedience was to preserve me from perpetual misery: that was not my only stimulation to opposition; I apprehended involving the Marshal in the same, and I could not without that have taken him.

Who is it, said he raising her, you have found deserving of the precious gift of your hand?

I cannot name him, answered she; I might draw upon him your anger, which would be to him the greatest of all misfortunes. Ah! Sire, his respect and attachment to your august person, would make him lay down his life for you: his merits and accomplishments, equal to his rank, have gained him undisputed applause: in short, he has the honour of being your Majesty's relation. Will not so many pleas procure him some grace with his Sovereign? Is he criminated for having touched a heart, which compulsion, not inclination, destined for Albert?

G S

What?

What ! cried the King, is Raymund de Rethel the happy mortal you have preferred to the Marshal?

Pardon me, Sire, returned she, for such a preference; but I have found him worthy of it—I should not presume to say so.—My prejudice, perhaps, renders me unjust; Albert, fixed on by my King, and by my Father, should have pleased me.

I cannot condemn your taste, Madam, said Philip; Raymund would be worthy of all your tenderness, had it been authorised by your parent; but, as you have chosen him without that sanction, you have been undutifull to Everard, and insulting to a man who is entitled to a better fate than that you have assigned him.

This, Sire, is what most concerns me; yet I cannot marry any but the Count de Rethel.

You cannot marry him, Madam, said the King, so long as the Marshal du Metz, claims you as his: it will be hard to make him relinquish you, and you cannot dispose of yourself until he does: I will endeavour first to pacify your Father, who
with

with reason is much offended with you. I have granted you my protection, and I will continue it; your cause, and your manner, make you interesting to me. But, pursued he, why does Raymund remain so long absent? What reasons has he for it?

To keep our secret inviolable, Sire, answered she. It was I who forced him from hence, and I have hindered him from returning. I can deny myself the pleasure of seeing him for a time; but, Sire, I should break my heart was I to be torn for ever from him. In vindication of him, allow me to protest to your Majesty, that he knew nothing of my retiring to Chelles; he was even then uncertain of my partiality for him.

What prudence! what magnanimity! what self-denial have you shown! said Philip, charmed with the good sense and judgement of Adelaïde. Go, Madam, I promise to be faithfull to you; I will keep the secret as you yourself have done.

The gratefull girl would have poured forth

forth many thanks to him for his goodness; but he immediately got up and left her after that. With the greatest eagerness, she flew to inform her Brother and Des Barres of what had been settled for her: her eyes searched every where to find them; she saw them in one of the galleries, where they had been waiting for her. She advanced towards them with precipitation——

Ah, my Brother! Ah, Steward! cried she, I am enraptured; I can hardly support my joy. . . . The King, that benignant Prince! . . . I have nothing more to fear! He knows I love; he does not blame my choice—He will interpose with my Father for me—He will make Albert espouse Constance de Montmorenci—He loves Raymund—His goodness is beyond conception!

Steward, added she, how shall I ever repay the vast debt I owe you? It is you who have saved me from destruction. . . . Do both of you write to the Count; let him partake of my joy.

Eve-

Everard was a stranger to his Daughter's success. From her going to reside at Court, he had kept himself at a distance from it, rarely going to either of the palaces : he did not permit either Madame de Couci or Ralph to speak of her before him : Albert had notified to him all that he had discovered from his Sister.—Everard's rage was not to be increased : he only solemnly pledged himself to Du Metz, that Adelaïde should never be the Wife of any other whilst he existed.

The King, who would have softened him by degrees to a reconciliation with her, began, as soon as he saw him, to commend the behaviour and sentiments of Mademoiselle de Couci ; then told him, he would let him retract his promise, that she might be her own mistress again : Everard was unshaken ; he heard all that could be said for her ; but he would not see her.

Before Philip spoke to Albert, or had asked for him the hand of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, he would have disengaged him from Everard ; but, as he could
not

not do that, he declared to the Marshal, that Adelaide should be left to her own disposal.

Be she indifferent or not, said he to him, it is immaterial to you ; suffice it, that she has refused to be united to you.—I am equally tired of her obstinacy, and of yours.—The gentle Constance it is who shall console you for her obduracy ; I have demanded and gained her for you : she is handsome ; her birth is as noble as Adelaide's, which must gratify your laudable ambition.

Ha ! Sire, exclaimed Albert. . . .

Marshal, think of it, returned the King in an authoritative tone ; I desire nothing but what is right, and I will be obeyed.

Sire, said he, exact nothing of me in this situation : I know not, alas ! what I would or would not do.—Ah ! how could I, in such an anxiety of mind as I am thrown into, receive with a trembling hand that of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci ?—I am unworthy of her, Sire ; do not make us both unhappy !

The

The time approaches, replied Philip, when I shall open the campaign: I will not press you to an immediate conformity to my will; but prepare yourself at my return to wed Constance, or never more to come into my presence.

You have made my obedience unquestionable, Sire, said the Marshal, since that is to be the consequence of my resistance: I call Heaven to witness that my King is dearer to me than myself, and I prove it in this. I hold myself lucky that your Majesty has by this delay given me time to recover myself.

I give you permission, added the Monarch, to go again to the Queen-Mother's; but not to speak to Mademoiselle de Couci: I expect from you an undivided attention to all the civilities due to the illustrious house of Montmorenci.

Albert, penetrated with grief, quitted his Prince: the extreme anguish of his soul inspired Mademoiselle du Metz with horror at herself.

I have plunged a poniard, Salmen, cried she, into the bosom of the Brother I love,

I love, just when his reason, assisted by his ignorance, would have enabled him to smother his passion for Adelaide. Was it generosity that made me undeceive him? Did I do it to make him happy? No; I sacrificed him to my malice! And what could I have reaped from it, at best, only to have made Albert furious, to have had my rival persecuted, and Raymond buried in despair?—Oh! how punished am I for it!—Adelaide triumphs—Raymond will soon be at the summit of his wishes.

My Brother swears vengeance, and my Mother is in agonies at the wildness of his schemes, and the apprehension of his discovering the competitor he has!—Such have been the fatal effects of my frantic jealousy! My weakness, Salmen!, is now so full; it is no longer the harmless error of a simple girl: it has made me savage, unjust, and faithless. Can hopeless love have wrought such a transformation? Alas! but for that, Madame de Riosoi had never been dishonoured! Love occasioned all her crimes: the recollection shocks me! I will banish it far from me; my
alarmed

alarmed virtue may do more than my reason has for me.

Let the Count de Rethel and Adelaïde be blest!—I consent to it—I will not be envious of them; I will not aim longer to molest them.—I have been too much humbled not to blush at my slavery.—To love without being beloved—Shamefull reflection!—Elizabeth du Metz has lowered herself in her own esteem—But it shall be so no more.

Albert was sorry for the opening of the campaign—Ralph rejoiced at it; he courted the dangers of the battle; he expected amidst the din of war to be lulled to rest.—The High-Steward, called to the acquisition of fame, could not be backward—Raymund de Rethel, having no tears to stand from the eyes of his mistress, met with nothing to deaden the ardour of his courage, when glory invited him to the army.

The country of Maine was then to be the seat of war: the King went thither: the Count joined him when he had got twenty leagues from Paris. He gave him
fresh,

fresh testimonies of his kindness, and even-
 jested with him on his having jockeyed
 the Marshal out of the heart of his in-
 tended. Raymund, producing *the picture*,
 which he always had about him, fully
 apologised for his admiration of Made-
 moiselle de Couci.

The Prince, who still remembered the
 lovely Alicia, was struck, as every one
 else had been, with the great resem-
 blance. The misfortunes of the Countess
 de Dammartin afflicted him anew, and
 made him more anxious about Raymund.
 He looked at the picture a considerable
 time, and with great complacency, then
 told him——

Adelaïde de Couci shall be happier than
 poor Mademoiselle de Rosoi was; but
 you are obliged to her fortitude and dis-
 cretion for it. Count, you are fortunate
 in being beloved by so incomparable a
 girl! As soon as the Marshal shall have
 married Constance de Montmorenci, I will
 dispose things in such a way as to obtain
 Adelaïde for you—You were formed for

each

each other !! I must manage Everard judiciously : I know he has a regard for you ; seeing you often, and having you much about him, may bring him to befriend your cause, especially if he remains ignorant of his Daughter's having already chosen you : should he discover that, he never would listen to any terms from you.

When the campaign closes, you shall go with me to Paris ; you may appear there : your passion is not suspected, and it will be your business to behave so prudently, as to conceal it from the Marshal, that he may not trace you out to be the happy lover of Adelaïde : he must not know it, at least, until after his marriage.

De Rethel, extremely well satisfied with the discourse, reported it to the Lords, De Couci, and Des Barres. Those two friends participated in his satisfaction, though the High-Steward felt a diminution of his own, in hearing of Raymund's going again back to court. Such is the torturing state a successful lover lives in !

The

The Count's joy was somewhat abated by the interest he took in the fate of Adelaïde's Brother. The forlorn Ralph was every where haunted by the idea of Madame de Fagel, and of Madame de Fagel made unhappy by him ! That of never seeing her again was worse than death to him. Raymund was continually in pain for him : he saw him run into dangers, rather like a desperate man than a valiant one. His despair drove him into acts that immortalised his reputation, but alarmed his friends.

Philip-Augustus knew his people murmured that the English war suspended the voyage to the Holy Land. To put an end, at once, to their discontent, and to suggestions injurious to his zeal, he had thrown all his forces into the country of Maine : Henry had there assembled all his ; but he avoided coming to a general engagement ; the King of France earnestly wished for it. The English Monarch thought he should damp the courage of his enemy, by putting between them the little river Mayenne : he passed it,

it, and broke down the two bridges that had favoured his passage, encamping himself advantageously upon the bank opposite to that occupied by the French army: Philip was mortified at not having foreseen that manœuvre; he left his camp, attended only by the High-Steward and the Marshal; he went with them to observe in what part he might cross the river. They rode along the side of it, until going near to a small wood, twenty English soldiers rushed out suddenly upon them, with uplifted spears.

Du Metz and Dea Barres, insensible of any danger, but that their Sovereign was exposed to, put themselves before him to receive the first onset of the English, who came full speed towards them: the Marshal was instantly unhorsed, and laid senseless on the ground, and the High-Steward had his cymeter shivered to pieces; but that dauntless warrior, the best made and most active man of his time, immediately snatching a club which he always carried in the bow of his saddle, raised his arm; he struck; the foe fell, either dead
or

or disabled; every quick successive blow produced the same effect.

Philip forgot it was a subject fighting for his King; he flew to succour his companion and his friend; he seconded him: half the English had been laid in the dust, when the rest, astonished, retreated to the wood to save themselves.

The wisdom of the Prince stopped Des Barres, who would have gone after them: they went to help the Marshal, who had been stunned by a blow on the head, and was not then come to himself; they raised him up, brought him to his senses, put him again on horseback, and retook the road to the camp.

The Englishmen who had escaped from the sword of Philip, and the terrible weapon of Des Barres, like great souls, acknowledged, notwithstanding the enmity between the two nations, that such a feat of arms bordered on the marvellous. They said, that nothing recorded of the fabulous heroes could surpass what that Frenchman had done with his club, the weighty strokes of which were almost all mortal: they sur-
named

named him, as was customary then, *The Achilles of France* ; a title which he received from his enemies, and which he bore with him to the tomb.

They talked at court of nothing but the peril the King had been in ; of the happy commencement, and of the success of the war, which would bring it to a speedy and a glorious conclusion for France.

Mademoiselle du Metz got a letter from her Brother, with a detail of the action in which the Count des Barres, by his heroism and activity, had saved him from certain death, and had preserved his Majesty from the imminent dangers that environed him : he gave the highest praises to that gallant officer, who, in fact, could not have too many bestowed on him.

Elizabeth read the letter over and over again with confused emotions : she was very fond of her Brother ; and Philip was not only her King, but he had been her Father's pupil ; a circumstance which added much to the respectfull attachment she had to her Sovereign : the man who had saved them both from the fury of the English,
was

was that very one whom she had always valued, but never had loved : she was forced then to feel something more for him than she had done ; those were sentiments she could not define.

Women, though naturally timid, are passionate admirers of brilliant valour ; it often charms them when no assiduity has been able to do it ; they fancy themselves sharers in the heroic achievements of the heroes they are interested in.

The attack that had been made on the person of Philip-Augustus, roused his soldiers to revenge it ; he wished to profit from their warmth, and the amazement of the British army ; he passed the Mayenne.

Henry, grown old and cautious, perhaps apprehensive of treachery, retired as he advanced, and was worsted in every skirmish that happened between the detached parties of the two armies.

Philip took Mans and all its dependencies : he went on from thence into Touraine ; and, although the bridges which led to the town of Tours had been demolished,

lished, he conducted his troops over by a ford, and took that capital of Touraine.

The news that reached Paris of such a happy progress filled all there with excessive joy. Mademoiselle du Metz heard the populace shouting every minute—*Long live the King, and the High-Steward, the Achilles of France!*

She could not tranquilly hear those acclamations; they raised in her heart sensations she had been unacquainted with before: on one hand they soothed her vanity; it was that *Achilles* by whom she was adored; on the other, it was severely humbled when a thought of Raymond obtruded.

Yet, upon the whole, she was pretty well satisfied with herself; she began to find her reason, and that virtue for which she had trembled, was then fortifying her every day in the resolution she had taken, only to retain the simplest esteem for him: she still learnt with pleasure, that he signalised himself upon every occasion by his courage and his conduct:

The beheld with satisfaction his name in every relation of a victory.

The fame of that rising hero warranted, at least, the tenderness she had so long felt for him, and redoubled the esteem she did not mean to withdraw from him. Alas ! she found she was not indifferent about him, when she heard his life was endangered by the glory he had gained at the siege of Tours. The Count had received so considerable a wound there, as to be for some time despaired of. Elizabeth had obtained so much from herself, as to see, without vexation, the lively sorrow that preyed upon Mademoiselle de Couci during that time ; she was benevolent enough to pity her : she knew, as well as the whole court, her transcendent merit ; she did her justice ; she no longer hated her : she regretted that Albert could not have her ; but she thought, without terror, that Raymund might one day be her's.

The reduction of Tours finished the war : Henry, vanquished, deserted by all his children in their turns, whose fickleness

ness and disloyalty he had often deplored, died at Chinon of grief.

Such was the end of our Henry II. ! —a great and mighty potentate ; but a signal example of the futility of ambition, and the insufficiency of grandeur, where the heart is torn by its natural feelings. In his character there was a mixture of great vices, and of the virtues most celebrated in those times.—None of his coteremporaries excelled him in bravery, and in that intrepidity of soul which made him undertake enterprizes, and carry them on without flinching.—He was feared by his neighbours, and readily followed by his subjects, when he led them either to acquire honour, or to assert the rights of their country.

When a very young man, he had married Eleanor, the heiress of Guienne, and the divorced Wife of Lewis the Young, Philip's Father: his mercenary views made him overlook flaws in her character, which might have deterred a man of ordinary nicety from taking her to his bed ; but

Henry aspired to the extending of his territories on the continent, and took her with all the ignominy of her divorce, and some disparity in their years.

He bartered his quiet for a fine province—a bad exchange, which he had much cause to rue!

She proved fonder of him than she had been of her first Husband; but her conjugal fidelity was more pernicious to him than her intrigues had been dishonourable to Lewis. Her turbulent temper made her a firebrand of sedition in his family; her Sons were no sooner grown up than she began to spirit them up to rebel against their Father. Henry's heart was susceptible of the tenderest impressions; he gave into the gallantries usual at his time of life, and in his rank especially: the fair Rosamond, of all his female favourites, has been most noticed by historians, and gave Eleanor the most furious jealousy. After she had been detected in several treasonable attempts to involve her Husband in quarrels with his Sons, she was im-

imprisoned; but her confinement did not quell the disturbances she had raised.

However faulty the King might be as a Husband, he was an affectionate and forgiving Parent: he received with tenderness the children who returned to their duty, and their ingratitude in relapsing again into their crimes did not annihilate in him the parental sentiments.

It is said he owed his death, at last, to his having found the name of his youngest Son, on whom he had much relied, in a list of conspirators against him, which had been sent him to read.

The curse of disobedience quickly overtook the greatest part of his graceless offspring: they were short-lived and unlucky.

Of the six Sons Queen Eleanor had borne, John, the youngest, was the only one that survived her: he attained the throne by the deaths of Arthur and his Sister, the children of his Brother Geoffrey, whose untimely fates he is strongly suspected of having procured: his me-

mory might be held in execration, had not the bo'd Barons of England forced from his fears what they could not get from his equity, and made him sign that great palladium of their liberty, the Magna Charta.

But, before him, Richard Cœur de Lion reigned: he succeeded Henry immediately, being the eldest of his Sons then alive. Had he been a durifull child, the race of Plantagenet could not have boasted a nobler Prince than he was. The first consequence of his accession was a peace with France.

Philip, before he went back to Paris, honoured the Count de Rethel with a visit in his sick room: he ordered him to go to court as soon as he should be able to bear travelling: he was delighted with the kind Ralph, who would not leave him during his confinement: they both received from him assurances of the most permanent friendship.

The Baron de Montmorenci having likewise been wounded during the siege of
Tours,

Fours, was also obliged to stay there, and was visited by the King.

To all courtiers such favours are invaluable; but none are so highly gratified by them, perhaps, as the French are; the smile of their Prince would cheer them in the darkest hour of adversity.

Philip entered Paris amidst the acclamations of the people—a sort of incense very gratefull to a Sovereign who thinks the love of his subjects the first blessing he can enjoy, and their hearts better worth his gaining than all the spoils of conquered enemies.

Mademoiselle du Metz marvelled, not to find the Count des Barres in his retinue: she asked her Brother, how it came that he was not?

The Marshal made answer——

His place obliges him to stay until all points are adjusted in the new conquests, to which he has himself been such a contributor.

What a man, my Sister, is that High-Steward! what valour! what prudence! what modesty! Cherished by

his King, who is indebted to him for his life; idolised by the soldiers, who, in treading his steps, march assured of victory; esteemed by his equals, without being envied by any; it should seem nothing can be wanting to him: yet, Elizabeth, I do not believe he is quite at ease: he is naturally grave and sedate; but there is, besides, a degree of melancholy in him, which never abandons him, even when public applause is loudest about him.

Are we both liable to the same misfortune? Must my friend, as well as myself, contend with the apathy of his beloved?

You neither of you should be unhappy, replied she. Banish far from you, my dear Albert, ideas that disturb your best days: nothing more is to be done, but for you to forget Mademoiselle de Couci, and to love Mademoiselle de Montmorenci; a union with her should be the most desirable of any thing to you; the intimacy I have contracted with her, during your absence, has given me an opportunity of being perfectly well acquainted

quainted with her: she is worthy of displacing Adelaïde, and of your complying with the King's desire.

It is easy, Sister, said Du Metz, to give advice which you probably would not take yourself: your heart, unto this hour, has never felt any but the peacefull sentiments of consanguinity and friendship: it is an entire novice to all those disquieting and troublesome ones which an unfortunate passion creates—May it always remain so!

He left her upon that, and Salmeni going in, found her deeply musing——

What is come to you, Madam? said she.

Leave me, my good Salmeni, answered Elizabeth; give me time to know what I am thinking of myself, before I give you an account of it.

She went out accordingly; but returning to her an hour afterwards, she found her crying: Mademoiselle du Metz, without waiting for her enquiries, told her——

I weep, Salmeni, for shame; I detest myself for what I have done; yet I am irresolute how to proceed—but, no; I am not; my eyes are now open to all the great qualities of a man who is peerless!

Ah! cried Salmeni, I augur well from this revolution in your opinion, Madam.

Do you encourage and strengthen it, said Elizabeth du Metz: I not only dispense with the silence I enjoined you on that head, but I desire you will tell me all the great things you hear of the High-Steward.

Talk to me of his love and constancy; impute to me as a crime, the blindness for which I now blush. I shall judge of your affection for me by the tartness of your reproofs.

There is no need for any now, returned Salmeni; you have corrected what was reprehensible in you: the High-Steward's passion will conclude what you have so well begun.

How

How happy will it make the Lady and the Lord Marshal to have that marriage take place, which they have so ardently and so long wished for !

I know not, answered she, if ever I shall go so far as that ; but this I well know, that I will preserve for the Count de Rethef only that measure of esteem, which every one must pay him. Reason has settled me in what shame first began, when I was base enough to tell my Brother he had a rival. It was such a novelty to me to descend to such meanness, that my soul revolted at it, and, exerting itself, threw off that slavish tenderness which had vilified it. From that day I have never had any rancour against Mademoiselle de Couci ; on the contrary, I like her, and hope she will not reject the advances I make to her to gain her friendship, which I will never neglect either for the Count or my Brother.

Mademoiselle du Metz soon after went to the Queen-Mother's : that Princess being in private with her Son, Elizabeth proposed to Adelaïde to walk in the palace-garden with her.

Those

Those two amiable girls really esteemed one another; but the knowledge they had of each other's sentiments had made them shy of being much together; however, Mademoiselle de Couci would not refuse the obliging invitation given her.

by females alone, none
men out
like
malicious
when
their
glance
 Females of a superior excellence may be exempt from envy, they may see unmoved the beauties of others; that is a kind of competition they are not hurt by; but, where the interests of their hearts clash, the very best of them can hardly preserve themselves from being malicious.

Elizabeth du Metz was generally serious: but she appeared in that walk to be sprightly and loquacious; she spoke of all that had passed in the last campaign; she mentioned Des Barres, Couci, De Reux, Montmorenci, and Rethel; she commended each of them; she praised their courage; she dwelt on every remarkable feat each had performed, without seeming to be particularly concerned in any of them.

Adelaide suspected she was sifting her at first: she weighed her words therefore, and was careful of what she said.

Made-

Mademoiselle du Metz perceived it, and told her—

My charming Adelaïde, you are unjust to me; I cannot complain of it; but I shall have reason to do so, if, after the assurances I give you that I am sincerely your friend, that your interests are dear to me, and will always be so, and that I wish to see you happy at any rate, you still retain that air of *réserve* with me: nothing now shall be an obstacle to our friendship—my Brother may one day be as reasonable as I am, and ask as I do for your esteem only.

Elizabeth's words were delivered in so affectionate a voice, that Mademoiselle de Couci ceased to fear her; she answered her in the most friendly tone; they embraced, and made each other a thousand protestations, convinced they were both sincere, and tasting the satisfaction of being able henceforth to love each other.

Mademoiselle de Couci admired Elizabeth so much the more in the desire she expressed to form a strict connection with her, as she knew how much it must have cost

cost her to have taken such a resolution : that courageous effort added much to the high idea she had of the disposition of the Marshal's Sister.

The High-Steward was too well versed in all that belonged to the military, and was too impatient to return to Paris, not to dispatch the operations that retarded his going thither. He arrived ten days after the King,

He was received as he merited by the two Queens, the Nobility, and the People. Mademoiselle du Metz was with Adelaïde when he entered the Queen-Dowager's apartment: after that Princess had told him his actions were far beyond any praises she could bestow, every body else with her pressed forward to pay their compliments to him. Mademoiselle de Couci loved him too unfeignedly, and had too much reason to love him, not to be one of the foremost to offer her gratulations to him.

Elizabeth du Metz, who was leaning on her arm, said to him——

Be

Be persuaded, Sir, that no one takes more part in the new honours you have acquired than I do; my Brother is not more your debtor than I am.

The Count des Barres hung his head, made a low bow, and turned away, without making any answer to those expressions.

Whence come, said Adelaïde to her, the sadness and mournful silence of the High-Steward? I am touched at the state he is in; some lurking sorrow gnaws upon him, which he will not reveal to his friends! Is not your pity engaged as much as mine is for him?

Why should you suppose, replied Elizabeth, the High-Steward wants it? His high birth, his dignities, the glories that environ him, can leave him no more to wish for.

He wants perhaps, returned her companion, Love to be as auspicious to him as Fortune is.

Let us then, my sweet Adelaïde, en-joined Mademoiselle du, no longer be uneasy about him: Love has made him

him suffer, it was possibly only to enhance the happiness he prepares for him.

As they were at a distance from the Queen, Adelaïde, embracing her, said, I am contented with your prediction in his favour.

Albert was unconcerned that his marriage was postponed by the accident which detained Matthew de Montmorenci at Tours. He was assiduous in visiting Constance; but the preference he still gave to Adelaïde de Couci did not permit him to accompany his civilities with any warmth; he repined that he could no longer approach her, to sigh out his complaints of her cruelty; but Philip, at his return from the campaign, had renewed his prohibitions. Although he had no hope left, although he was presently to marry Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, he could not suppress the curiosity he had to discover the rival who had condemned him to lose Adelaïde for ever.

He affected, however, to be quite resigned to it; sometimes he even thought himself so; but at others, the vivacity caused

caused by an internal calm, which lighted up new charms in the fine face of Mademoiselle de Couci, occasioned such rage in him as he could scarcely contain.

What an alteration, said he, is there in her since I have been constrained to renounce her! She never was so beautiful before, because she never was so happy! She exults now the King has sacrificed me to her chosen lover! He prefers his felicity to mine; yet I bear the specious title of his *Favourite*!

Philip-Augustus might have had favourites; but his illuminated soul, and his fortitude, preserved him from those blind partialities which favourites commonly abuse, to the detriment of many honest men.

Mademoiselle de Couci, who imagined it was no longer incumbent on her to study the Marshal's behaviour, neglected to observe, that wherever she was, he neither saw nor looked at any one else.

Self-love did not speak the same language to her it does to most other women; she had not such a thorough conviction of her

her own perfections as to fancy those of others would be impotent when compared with her's; she believed the Marshal du Metz then loved Constance as well as he had loved herself.

Ralph sent her daily intelligence of Raymond. The dreadful alarms she had been in about him, had dwindled by degrees into something less distracting: hope then arose, and that was succeeded by a certainty of her having nothing more to fear for a life in which her own was wrapped up: her joy was completed when Des Barres, some days after his arrival, showed her a letter written with the Count's own hand; those well-known and dear characters awakened in her the most transporting sensations; her bright eyes were suffused with tears of joy.

When she had re-perused the letter, and returned it,

Steward, said she, with the most enchanting gaiety, I am not the only happy person; let peace revisit your soul; you are in an error—Mademoiselle du Metz is not my rival: your merits and your
renown.

renown have warmed that hitherto tepid heart of her's; your constancy will entirely subdue it: I have never until now had leisure to speak with you, though I have much wished to do it since your coming back.

She then told him all that had passed on the day he came to Paris. The Count des Barres could not disown but that there was something flattering for him in the answer Albert's sister had made; but he durst not depend too much on it.

Away with your distrusts, Steward, cried Adelaïde; put off that melancholy air; break the silence you have kept so long with her; speak, and then judge, by the very manner in which you shall be heard, whether the indifference of the fair Elizabeth has not yielded to other sentiments, that will be the prelude to your happiness.

The discourse of Mademoiselle de Couci threw William des Barres into a singular perplexity: at certain intervals he doubted whether Mademoiselle du Metz had ever liked the Count de Retbel; at others, all

He recollected assured him he could not have been mistaken—he lastly imagined, that her good sense had dissipated a passion which it had always opposed.

Adelaïde, in endeavouring to dissuade him from thinking Elizabeth had ever been attached to Raymund, was herself well convinced she had been so; she attributed the change then made in her, either to the impossibility of her succeeding in her views upon him, or to the pride of choosing a husband so famed for his great deeds.

That same day, the King standing near Mademoiselle de Couci at his Mother's, saw Mademoiselle du Metz come in more elegantly dressed than usual; doubtless, said he, some one has inspired her with a desire of pleasing.

She would, replied Adelaïde in a low voice, have spared the High-Steward much pain and uneasiness, had she been as sensible of his tenderness as she is of his recent honours.

Philip, surprised at what had been hinted, desired she would be more explicit; as she had only dropped the inuendo

endo on purpose to excite him to ask that of her, she acquainted him, that for several years Des Barres had loved Mademoiselle du Metz, who had repaid all his cares with the greatest coldness.

But, Sire, added Adelaïde, the honour of having seconded your Majesty in a late perilous attack, at which we still shudder, in giving rise to sentiments of gratitude proportioned to the ardour of her zeal for your sacred person, has moved that lukewarm heart of hers; and her vanity, flattered by the reputation of a man who adores her, has determined her in doing what the Count des Barres' own tenderness should have done long since.—Your Majesty, continued she, will be graciously pleased to finish, I hope, what gratitude and vanity have so happily commenced.

Elizabeth du Metz participated with her Brother in the favour of the King; like him, she had the advantage of being child to his worthy Governor, whose remembrance was always dear to him: the Prince owed too much to the High-Steward not to interest himself in his destiny.

Informed

Informed as he had been by Mademoiselle de Couci, he directly thought of uniting two people so deserving of each other.

Some moments after that conversation, he called Mademoiselle du Metz to him; and, withdrawing with her into the Queen's closet, thus spoke to her——

The return of Montmorenci will be followed by the Marshal's marriage: my satisfaction would be entire, if I could prevail on you likewise to make a choice: I think I have discovered that the High-Steward loves you; he is worthy of you, Madam; he saved the lives of a Brother, and of a King, to both of whom you are much attached: let us acquit ourselves of the obligations we owe him, by presenting him with the most valuable gift we can ever get for him; let it be you, Madam.

Speak to me as to your friend: the Count des Barres does not suspect I am acquainted with his sentiments; he does not know how desirous I am of contributing to his happiness.

I will

I will not dissemble with your Majesty, answered she: the Count des Barres has long offered me a heart, which I have reprobated myself for not having been able to accept: I will acknowledge also to you, Sire, that the report of his exploits on the banks of the Mayenne, added a very lively gratitude to the particular esteem I had always had for him; nay, more, that this gratitude, and the glory with which he is covered, have almost surmounted the repugnance I had to wedlock.

You charm me, Madam, said the Monarch to her; I feel with pleasure, from your discourse, how dear your King is to you: his friendship is increased by it, and he exacts of yours to recompence the deserts of a man whom he wishes exceedingly to make happy.

My Father, on his death-bed, replied Mademoiselle du Metz, presumed to beg your Majesty would be a parent to his children: your kindness to them has since exceeded all he could have expected, and has incited them, Sire, to feel the same affection for you they did for him.—This,

as well as my respect, ordains me to pay an implicit obedience to your will.

The Prince, satisfied fully with her submission, called her his dear Daughter, and promised to provide for her as such.

The next morning the High-Steward went as usual to the levee: the King, taking him aside, said——

Albert is your friend; and why do you not think of cementing your friendship by the ties of blood?—Mademoiselle du Metz ought to be yours.

Ha! Sire, returned he, has your Majesty forgotten that the Marshal's Sister has scornfully refused the hand of every man who has offered himself to her?—How should I be happier than others have been?

Is it the apprehension of not obtaining her, said Philip, that makes you talk thus?

Yes, Sire, answered Des Barres, I will confess to your Majesty that I have long loved her; but, alas! she has never suffered me to hope; she has even imposed silence on me!

Well,

Well, break that silence now, said the King, you may do it; Mademoiselle du Metz is sensible to your tenderness, and has left herself at my disposal.

Oh! Sire, cried he, what can I do for you after this?—What news have you communicated to me!—My heart can hardly credit the lightness you have caused in it.—Has your Majesty had the goodness to interfere in my behalf?—Nothing but your royal power could have wrought such a change in Elizabeth du Metz. How came my passion to be known to my Prince?

Thank Mademoiselle de Couci for that, replied Philip.

After being together a long while, William departed filled with rapture at his unexpected bliss. That was the first time he had experienced the charm annexed to the flattering thought of approaching felicity.

Leaving the King, he went to Mademoiselle du Metz——

Will not the visit, Madam, said he to her, which his Majesty intends making

the Lady-Marshal be disagreeable to you ?
 —Has he not been too hard upon you in
 the injunctions he has laid ? —Or can you,
 Madam, at length deign to think me wor-
 thy of you ?

Who is there that is so much so ? replied
 she—No one, Steward, I am certain—
 You must not doubt the willingness with
 which I shall give my hand to you, the
 deliverer of my King, and of my Bro-
 ther !

Ah ! Madam, exclaimed he, that dona-
 tion will accomplish my utmost wishes.—
 My joy is unutterable.

The surprise and pleasure of the Lady-
 Marshal, and of her Son, were great when
 Philip told them the errand on which he
 came to them. That match left the am-
 bitious Mother nothing more to grasp at ;
 it gave Albert, for a Brother-in-law, not
 only the hero to whom he owed his life,
 but the man on earth he loved best.

The King and the Queens gave enter-
 tainments on the occasion, in which not
 only the regal magnificence was displayed,
 but the regard with which they distin-
 guished

guished the Count des Barres and Mademoiselle du Metz.

Adelaïde sympathised with the High-Steward; but she politely eluded the instances of Elizabeth, who would have had her at every feast that was given: to excuse herself, she either pretended some prior engagement, or some indisposition.—Her friend clearly perceived she wished to avoid being too often in company with Albert, and did not insist on her altering a conduct, the delicacy of which she approved.

The fair Elizabeth shortly after blessed the faithful and passionate Des Barres, by taking upon her the title of his Countess, the King giving her away at the altar.

Mademoiselle de Couci would have been glad, had the like ceremony given the Marshal's name to Mademoiselle de Montmorenci; for which reason she was very anxious for the Baron's return.

Somedays after the High-Steward's marriage, the Viscount de Melun arrived from Germany: the pleasure he had in seeing William was allayed by the supposition of his finding him as much in love as ever,

and full as hopeless as when they separated: he was most agreeably disappointed when he heard his constancy had been rewarded. They had many congratulatory speeches to make each other; for, if the intrepidity of the one had been signalised in a manner the most useful and glorious for France, the negociations of the other, attended with the happiest success, had not falsified the opinion that had been entertained of his talents; the reception given him by Philip was the proof of that.

The Viscount's astonishment was evident in hearing Everard's Daughter was still unmarried; and that Du Metz, repulsed by her, waited then only for the Baron de Montmorenci's cure, to espouse his Sister.

The Count de Rethel's wound had been much more considerable and dangerous than his; yet he got to Paris before him. Mathew was no inamorato: Raymund was; and his impatience to see Adelaïde again, made him find strength to undertake the journey.

He

He had no sooner performed it than he waited on the King, whilst the Lord de Couci hastened to tell his Sister of their arrival; a precaution absolutely necessary to prevent her from being too much flurried by the Count's sudden appearance at the Queen-Dowager's, and being blown by it to the whole Court.

Raymund quickly followed him, but Adelaïde had just gone into her own apartment with Ralph. De Rethel might have been vain of all the Queen said to him on his great actions, and on the wound that had so long confined him, and had endangered his life.

He received from every body present, the same testimonies of esteem and consideration Ralph had done before him. They were both entitled to all that could be shown them. It was too irksome to Raymund to be detained from Adelaïde, not to make him escape, as soon he could, from caresses and compliments that became importunate to him.

Once more Mademoiselle de Couci and the Count de Rethel met together, after

eighteen months of absence, inquietudes, and alarms. She started at seeing him ghastly, and so reduced as to be hardly able to stand: to the shock which the first view of him had given her, succeeded the just fear that he had risked a relapse by a too speedy removal.

Can I believe, Madam, said that impassioned lover, that I again behold you, and that I find you freed from your engagements with Albert!—O heavens! what is my extacy! It is indeed you, my beauteous Adelaïde, I see!—I can at your feet complain of the wrongs Love has done me, and thank him for the superlative blessing I now enjoy.

Count, replied Adelaïde tenderly, I believe your joy to be as great as my own—I do not blush to own mine: as I have divided pains with you, I must also partake of your ease—Our tenderness has been too well tried, for either of us to mistrust its sincerity—I have suffered much, but you deserve all I can do for you.

I do so, at least, Madam, answered Raymond, if the respectful and violent passion

I have for you is worth your acceptance—
I can neither express to you the feelings of
my soul, nor the excess of my joy.

Your transports do it, said she, and compensate for all my past afflictions. But, Count, we must be guarded in all we do; we must be careful that the pleasure of seeing each other, does not make us forgetful that we have still much to dread, and to manage. Prudence was never more needful for us. We must conceal our connection from my Father. When the Marshal has wedded Constance de Montmorenci, let Theobald come to Paris. There is an ancient friendship subsisting between Everard and him: this your Father may employ to gain upon mine: he may, in lamenting the averseness you have shown to marry, insinuate a desire to try what effect I might have on you, were we to be together, with the approbation of our parents. Such is the method we must take to get my Father's consent to our union; but in the meantime nothing of our attachment must be known to him.

—We may be assured he already has some suspicion of it : my Brother, before whom I speak openly, guessed it before it had been mentioned to him by us.

You will be observed : my Father will be informed of all we do. Never see me but with the Queen, and always without either vehement eagerness, or too pointed indifference ; we should be equally betrayed by either.—You must even show some gallantries to others, which may make it be supposed you are seeking to make an offer of your heart, which time has at length permitted you to dispose of : do not be apprehensive of alarming me ; I am too sure of your love.

What unparalleled goodness !—My felicity is inconceivable—I cannot moderate my raptures, or give words to them, said he, kissing her hand for the first time since their acquaintance.

There is no impediment that I can foresee now to our union, continued she ; but I shall always have my fears of new ones arising. My dear Count, your paleness terrifies me---you have done too much for me ;

you,

you have been too precipitate in your return!

Why, Brother, said she, did you let him set out in the weak state he is in?

Sister, replied Ralph, his impatience grew much more dangerous for him than the fatigues of a long journey could be. He has seen you, and will speedily recover now.---You are happy; I am miserable.---Your mutual tenderness enchants me; yet it recalls the most distressing recollections.---But what am I doing, my Sister! what am I doing, my dear Raymund, disturbing these delicious moments with my groans?---O forget that I am as wretched as you are fortunate!

Adelaide and Raymund were going to reply to him when the High-Steward came in. De Rethel ran to him with open arms.

Ah! Steward, said he, how happy am I in thinking you have nothing more to desire! Love has in fine fulfilled your vows. No one deserved better of him, nor can any one be more interested than I am for

you; my gratitude and tender friendship, make me so.

Mademoiselle de Couci, returned Des Barres, has paid me for all the little service I ever did you; I owe my happiness to her.

Count, said Adelaïde to Raymund, you have been here a great while. In the first hours of a return after so long an absence, the visits in which the heart has no share, are short: ours must be so too, to carry on the deception: you must go, therefore. Never come here without my Brother, and but seldom with him. Call now on my Father, and see him every day.

De Rethel was received by Everard with politeness; but he was sensibly affected by perceiving in him a stiffness of behaviour he did not use to have with him. However, he endeavoured not to seem at all disconcerted by it, and answered all his questions with freedom.

You were very hasty in quitting Tours, said that suspicious Father to him; you did not wait to be perfectly cured of your wound: you might fancy you could not appear

appear too soon at Court; but I am amazed my Son should let you hazard such a journey, enfeebled as you are. At your age one must yield, perhaps, to the impetuous emotions of the heart.

The little inclination I have shown for this year and half to come to Paris, replied he, proves that nothing, but the restlessness of a sick man, could have forced me from that desolated town. Change of place is the unavoidable error an invalid falls into.

The Count went away little pleased with his visit, but still resolved to go oftener to Everard than to the Queen-Mother's: he wished, if possible, to destroy his suspicions. After this ceremonious call, he went to embrace the Viscount de Melun. He tenderly loved Raymund: their joy at meeting was reciprocal; they received from each other every token of the sincerest friendship. De Rethel, to show his, disclosed to him the most hidden sentiments of his heart.

De Melun told him he was not at all surpris'd at them; that he had proph-

Adelaïde's supplying the place of Madame de Dammartin: he added, that notion had made him silent to him upon the striking similitude there was between them, when he saw him in Germany, soon after Mademoiselle de Couci had been introduced.

Such a delicate attention would have increased Raymund's regard for the Viscount, could he have loved him more than he did.

Everard, Adelaïde, and the Count des Barres' marriage, were the subjects on which they mostly descanted. Raymund was unmindful of the long stay he had made with the Emperor, until De Melun told him he had gained his esteem, and that Frederick had charged him to give him many assurances of it.

The Countess des Barres felt nothing, at the return of the Count de Rethel, but the fear of alarming the High Steward, whose anxieties she had known concerning him: to keep him from having any more, she thought there should be no difference in her behaviour. She went to Court there-

fore as usual; she saw and spoke to him there as she would to any one else, without the least affectation of shunning him.

He, on his part, was so cautious, that his passion for Adelaide became equivocal. He rarely went to the Queen-Dowager's, and when he did, it often happened to be at such times as, informed by Ralph, he knew Mademoiselle de Couci would be abroad: he submitted with pain to such a restriction; but the apprehension of being accused of any fault that might defeat all she had done, kept him within bounds very difficult for a man so much in love. He daily visited Everard, who, acquainted with his conduct, insensibly became less formal towards him.

Notwithstanding the deplorable situation of Ralph, an alteration so favourable for Raymond, who was dearer to him every day, in some measure softened and counterbalanced his woes. The Count, sole confidant of his sorrows, heard the repetition of them with the yearnings of a friend, regretting with him the rigor of his fate.

The Count, sole confidant of his sorrows, heard the repetition of them with the yearnings of a friend, regretting with him the rigor of his fate.

This was a healing balm to him; it was what Madame de Fagel had had with her dear Adelaïde, only the more keenly to feel her separation from her kind and sensible monitress, with whom her grievances, her complaints, and her secret, were in safety. She much wanted then some such lenient hand to administer consolation to her; she was in warfare with herself, her reason and her weakness incessantly struggling.

The Lord de Vergi, who did not reside in the house with her, as he had done at Paris, but who was so near a neighbour as to be frequently at Fagel, continually chid her for a dejection that too surely convinced him of the state of her mind; but, if his words were reproofing, he felt, in fact, the greatest pity for his daughter, seeing her guiltless, though unhappy: the frailty she had so apparently strove against, made him esteem her: he could not doubt but that she had granted to her virtue the oblation it had demanded of her.

The Lord de Fagel saw with horror, proportioned to his passion, the languor of his
his

his wife. To be jealous, and to be ignorant of the object who has deprived us of the heart which we seek, and which we think should be ours from love and right, is a torment not to be endured. It was that this disquieted husband felt; his only study was, to discover the secret cause of his wife's melancholy.

Raymund and Ralph had at first equally shared his suspicions; but the ready intimacy that had been formed between Madame de Fagel and Mademoiselle de Couci, had at length concentrated them in Ralph.

He made it a crime in his wife to be grave and languid; he employed alternately mildness and violence with her. He sometimes attributed her pensiveness to the being separated from the person who occupied her whole soul; but the remembrance of her pressing intreaties to him, to get him away from Paris, baffled that conjecture, and gave birth to others as confused. In short, he suffered all that jealousy can inflict, and the consequences of it fell on his hapless wife.

One day, as she sat alone, absorbed in melancholy, a letter was brought her from Adelaïde, with a circumstantial account of all the events that had happened at Paris after her retreat from thence. She mentioned all that had related to herself and lover particularly; but she religiously abstained from mentioning her Brother in it.

The proofs of friendship given by Mademoiselle de Couci, were precious to Madame de Pagel in every way. When she had read the letter, she arose and went to lock it up in a small cabinet that stood in her room: as she opened one of the drawers, she was wonderfully agitated at seeing the tablet, on which Ralph's verses had been written, lying in it: she had imagined it existed no longer, having consigned all to the fire that tended to feed her folly, and it was intirely by mistake that had been saved. The sight of it made her stand motionless a while, whilst the trickling drops chased each other swiftly down her cheeks; then suddenly raising her eyes to apostrophise that prime and fatal mark

of

of his tenderness, she beheld Fagel, who had been watching her some time.

What is contained, Madam, cried he in a furious and broken voice, in those writings over which you have shed so many tears?—They speak to you, no doubt, of your paramour!—they awaken tender ideas in you!—they soothe and nourish your languor!—Traitors, you are mute!—I see you want presence of mind enough to invent a plausible story to blind me—you are too much shocked, or rather too culpable, to make me any answer.—But let me see, added he, snatching from her the tablets and the letter together.

The purity of my conduct, said Madame de Fagel, puts me above your reproaches, (whilst he was reading)—But my duty, which has ever been my counsellor, and to whose dictates I have always adhered, now bids me justify myself—That letter is from Mademoiselle de Couci, and the verses which you find in my pocket book were innocently written there by her.

Here

Her hand inserted them, replied he; but she wrote them to flatter your passion and her Brother's—Ralph de Couci was the composer of them—He loves you, and you him: the friendship you have with the Sister, is the effect of the tenderness you have for him; it is that which now makes you weep.—You mourn, as he does, an absence, which is the only source of your discontent and sadness.

—Yes, perfidious wretch! you love him, and you hate me!—I am now certain of your crime, and of my own misfortune; but I shall know how to revenge myself, and punish you.

Insulted innocence, answered Madame de Fagel, is too much astonished to be able to defend itself—It sighs, and trusts to time to clear it.

No, no, returned Fagel, you must instantaneously justify, if you can, the grief in which I have surprised you, at the view of these abominable lines—Tell me why your tears were shed then?

Madame de Fagel, whose difficulties were augmented, as she found the impossibility

sibility of dispelling the jealousy of her Husband, and the shame of deserving it, was silent for a moment; but, frightened at the ferocity of his looks, she threw herself at his knees, and said, in the most suppliant tone—

The Fates, Sir, inimical to your repose and mine, exercise over me all their caprice: I will acknowledge that a darksome gloom hangs upon me, which makes me tiresome to myself, and offensive perhaps to every one else. It is a distemper that pursues me every where. You may recollect, Sir, that you upbraided me with it at the Court of France, where you accused me of being at the height of my wishes:—I carried it thither, and I have brought it back; it is the sad inmate of my bosom, which never quits it.—It is that has drawn from me those tears which neither your honour nor mine can murmur at.

Is this your vindication! cried Fagel, on whom the softness of her words operated as oil on the fire.—It is rather the confirmation of my misfortune!—It proves to me that Ralph possessed your heart

heart when you married me!—Your regret at not being his, has brought on that chagrin which, in daring to acknowledge, you would pretend to be the fault of your constitution, and not the infamy of your soul. But you can no longer delude me, and my fury shall expiate your falsehood.

Foaming with rage, Fagel left his Wife in the most piteous condition. From that time, the moderation he had observed in discovering his doubts to her, was quite laid aside; outrages and violence were then his only means of making her sensible of his jealousy.

How afflicting was it to the Lord de Vergi, who knew the weakness and the virtue of his Daughter, to see her the victim of her own passion, and of her Husband's cruelty!

Sinking under her accumulated miseries, she would now and then indulge herself in writing them to Adelaïde. To pen them down, to complain freely of them, was some trivial relief to her sharpest pangs. Mademoiselle de Courci wept at the re-
pre-

presentation of such evils as the described.

The wretchedness of her dearest friend made her think of her Brother's; she lamented the destiny of both: Ralph's passion made her tremble for him, should Fagel's savage temper prove fatal to his Wife at any time. She dreaded the consequences of it, for her, and for the passionate De Couci.

Adelaïde was too discreet ever to let him see or hear of the letters she got from Madame de Fagel; she would not increase his inquietudes. What an additional torment would it have been to him to have known the injuries she endured? Raymund, made acquainted with them by Adelaïde, was truly sorry for her, and uneasy lest his friend should ever chance to learn them.

The Count de Rethel had been near a month returned from Tours, when the Baron de Montmorenci arrived: his presence gave as much pleasure to the two lovers as it did to the Lady-Marshall, who wanted nothing then but to see her Son married

married to Mademoiselle de Montmorenci; she had secret alarms, which only that approaching day could calm; she was always afraid of the Marshal's discovering his rival, and calling him to account.

The coming of Constance's Brother discomfited Albert: he accused the King to himself of injustice and tyranny; but he was either to comply, or to lose the Prince's favour: his ambition was not puzzled which to choose.

His nuptials were the talk of the whole town; every day brought some festival with it. His Mother, the Baron, the High-Steward, the Count de Dreux, and the Viscount de Melun, by turns, entertained on the occasion.

Raymund, at all those feasts, which he looked upon as so many trophies raised for his victory, shone from the brightness of his talents, which were then displayed in the most advantageous light from the vivacity of his humour.

The beautiful Adelaïde, without being at all the amusements that were going forward,

ward, felt more glee in them, than any of those for whom they were designed.

Du Metz, in the midst of them, was dull and thoughtfull: he remarked all the beauties of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci; but his remarks only served to heighten those of Mademoiselle de Couci in his prejudiced imagination: he never could, without despairing, think she was not to be his, and that he should see her the wife of another.

The day before his wedding with Constance was to be solemnised, he went to the King's levee. Philip observed in him a gravity of countenance, which he told him was unseasonable. Albert, hurt at the rebuke, and, at the same time, not disposed to change his air, went away, without excusing or amending it: full of reflections, he went down into the gardens of the palace. Very different thoughts had conducted Raymund thither: the Marshal's marriage was to take off the restraints he had been so long under, and which had frequently been too much for him.

him to bear: it was to soften them in some manner, that he often retired to some lonely spot, where he could recreate himself in contemplating Adelaïde in Madame de Dammartin's picture. Albert that morning saw him placed on a bench in one of the close walks, with his eyes rivetted on a box, in which he imagined there must be a portrait.

Some unknown impulse carried him towards the seat, when, passing softly behind the Count, he looked over him. What was his surprise! his wrath!

I have at last found my happy rival! cried he. Treacherous Adelaïde, now will I revenge thy hypocrisy!

De Rethel's amazement was great; he felt directly the whole of his imprudence from the Marshal's exclamation.

Albert, said he, be not deceived; this is the Countess de Dammartin's picture.

That mean subterfuge shall not save you, replied the enraged Du Metz; and, putting his hand to his sword,—Draw, Raymund, continued he, or I will post you for a coward!

The

The Count de Rethel bore no ill-will to the Marshal; he had no temptation to take away his life at that time: his answer to those haughty expressions was, putting himself into a posture of defence: the other fought like a madman, and both the combatants in a few minutes became animated with rage; but Raymond soon cooled again, on seeing that Albert was wounded, and bled plentifully: he cried out to him——

Marshal, you are hurt, and no longer in a state to fight. Ha! what, added he, drawing back, and making no use of his weapon, but to preserve himself from the redoubled thrusts of Du Metz, would you have me take your life? Be generous enough not to force me to do it, for at this moment I have every advantage over you.

The fury of Albert permitted him not to hear, or to stop; but, spent by the quantity of blood he had lost, he fell at the feet of his antagonist in a short time, who succoured him with all the warmth of a friend: he was endeavouring to assist

him, as well as he could, when he heard some people walking on the other side of a thick hedge that was near them: he called to them; he demanded help, without knowing to whom he applied himself.

The Count des Barres and the Baron de Montmorenci were crossing the garden to go to the King: they were astonished to find the Marshal stretched on the ground, and weltering in his blood, with the Count, who was exceedingly flurried, trying to raise him.

Ah! Steward, said Raymund, I am undone!—What a fatality!—But I will leave you with Albert, whilst I go to send him some medical assistance, and to discharge what my duty requires of me.

He ran towards the palace; there he soon met one of the King's surgeons, whom he dispatched to attend the wounded man: he next went to the Sovereign's apartment, who, seeing him in violent trepidation, asked the reason.

Oh! Sire, replied De Rethel, I have deviated

deviated from the reverence I owe your Majesty; I have fought in the gardens of your palace! I will not, in extenuation of my fault, urge that I was obliged to it. Punish me, Sire; condemn me to the tortures I merit; I will not repine under them: but let your royal clemency follow after my chastisement.

Rise, said the King coldly to him, and tell me who it was, that, arrogant as yourself, has violated the respect due to me.

I shall magnify my offence by that, Sire, returned he; for it was Albert du Metz, and he is wounded.

Albert! said Philip hastily. Has he fought with you? Is he wounded? Was Mademoiselle de Couci the cause of your duel?

Yes, Sire, rejoined Raymund, who thereupon recounted to his Majesty the whole of the affair, from the Marshal's first words to the conclusion of the combat.

What thoughtlessness on both sides! answered the Monarch. The one has be-

trayed himself just when he was within reach of the happiness he could not have expected once; and the other, on the eve of plighting his vows to an amiable and noble girl, has given himself up to jealousy about another.

Both, in short, have been forgetfull of the place they were in!—I pity Constance!—I pity Adelaïde!—How will she be justified now to Everard!—How shall I ever make you appear innocent in his eyes! The reputation of his Daughter will be sullied by your indiscretion—her secret blazed abroad—the secret her own prudence had so well preserved!

Raymund, continued he in a firm tone, the interest of Mademoiselle de Couci only keeps me from punishing your failing rigorously; but I value her fame more than either you, or Albert, have done; I compassionate her: do you retire, and appear no more before me until you shall be ordered to do so.

The Count, on leaving the Prince, was not enough master of himself to refrain from

from going to Adelaïde ; Ralph was alone with her.

You see, Madam, said he in a faltering voice to her, the most unfortunate of men ; and, to complete my disgrace, I can impute it to no one but myself !

You petrify me with terror, cried she. What have you done ?

Ah ! my dear Raymund, said De Couci impatiently, explain yourself ; your discourse, and the discomposure of your looks, terrify me, as they have done my Sister.

I am lost, replied he : I have fought with the Marshal in the King's gardens ; he is wounded, perhaps dead ere this !

Just Heaven ! uttered the half-frantic Adelaïde, and what has been the subject of your dispute ? My honour is involved in it ?

Your virtue, Madam, answered he, must secure you from any aspersions ; but the intelligence of our hearts must be published by it : Albert knows I am the rival he has so long sought. Shall I own

to you, that it was through my fault he found it out?

Every syllable you speak increases my consternation, said she. What a reverse is here! Alas! all my fondest hopes are converted into the most direfull fears in one moment! Give me, however, the history of it all.

Mademoiselle de Couci's wonder was extreme, when she heard that a picture of Alicia's had occasioned the Marshal's error, which had revealed a truth to him in fact; but, in her worst fears, she derived some consolation from what Philip had spoken to Raymund: new barriers were raised to her felicity by the duel; yet the King's goodness gave her some glimmerings of hope.

You are too much to be pitied, replied she to the Count, for me to add to your distress; I will not therefore tax you with imprudence.

Ha! Madam, exclaimed he, what generosity! You pardon me! . . . Alas! I was only guilty because I adore you.

What

What indignation will my Father be in against me! said she to the Lord de Couci. The King himself will not be prevalent enough now to bound his resentment.

The High-Steward, going in to them, said at his entrance——

I condole with you, Madam, on the late mishap.

Oh! what then, asked she, is Albert no more?

He is not yet expired, returned Des Barres; but his wound is supposed to be mortal: his Mother and Sister are pitiable objects; their grief is not expressible. The Baron de Montmorenci, from some words the Marshal has dropped, finds who was the cause of the disagreement, and is provoked, as it may be thought he would be, that Albert, on the point of marrying his Sister, should fight for another Lady.

The High-Steward greatly commended the Count for having gone to the King so immediately after the duel.

My Brother, said Adelaïde, my criminality is now too notorious for me not to

deliver myself up to my Father's vengeance; I owe him that mark of respect. My submission is my last resource, were it to doom me to endless pain: it would be braving my Parent, to avail myself of the King's protection, and the Queen's kindness.

Go, my poor Count, pursued she, go to the Viscount de Melun; let him prepare my Father, by insisting on the uprightness of my conduct: send your picture by him; the counterpart of it, in the Viscount's possession, will be a proof he cannot withstand. Brother, go you with Count Raymund; and I will wait your coming back, to fall at the feet of that Father whose respectable days I was born to embitter.

De Rethel flew to De Melun's; his trouble was considerably greater when he understood Everard was then with him; but he did not demur on the determination he was come to: he joined them; he begged the Viscount to lend him the picture he had of his Niece: he presented it to Everard, saying——

This, Sir, is the picture of the Countess de Dammartin; cast your eyes on it;
look

look if you have ever seen any person like it.

Adelaïde is unlucky, answered he, that the resemblance she bears to Mademoiselle de Rosoi does not extend to her mind ! This likeness tells me you are the man to whom Albert has been sacrificed. Will you say now she is guiltless ?

Sir, replied Raymund respectfully, Mademoiselle de Couci is culpable ; and I am the happy criminal you have been seeking, and whom the Marshal has discovered to be his rival. Here, Sir, is a second picture, the same as that you have in your hands : the one is a copy of the other : I was looking at it this morning in the palace-gardens when Du Metz surprised me : he mistook the picture ; but he was not out when he called me his rival : he forced me to draw upon him : he is wounded : I came here to desire the Viscount would inform you of it.

I know enough already, said Everard : nothing you say can make me more angry than I was before : it is an age since

Adelaïde and I have met; we have both forgotten our connection with each other: but you may believe me, that she never shall recompense your arrogance, as long as I am Everard de Couci.

Oh! Sir, cried the Count, take pity on one who respects you, as much as he loves Mademoiselle de Couci. Ha! do you think me unworthy of the honour of possessing her?

No, said Everard calmly, no, if her sentiments for you had not made her insult me by her flight, and her opposition.

He got up to go away; but Raymund prevented him, by saying—

What! Sir, will you be insensible to the extremity of my sorrows? Will you be deaf to the voice of Nature? Will you grant nothing to its cries?

Is there a man, continued he, who, being the Father of Adelaïde, would not be mollified by her grief, and would not forgive her?

Behold such a one in me, young man, returned Everard; I have already told you, that as long as I breathe she shall be

Ade-

Adelaïde de Couci : no human power shall make me revoke the sentence.

He then went away, leaving De Rethel plunged in the depths of sadness, from the various misfortunes of that day.

Ralph, on hearing his Father was with the Viscount, had not judged it proper to appear before him with Raymund ; but, as soon as he was gone, he went in : his appearance did not assuage the despair of his friend ; but what was his to Adelaïde's, when her Brother related to her the scene that had been acted ?

My Father may not listen to me, cried she : I will, however, avow myself to be guilty, and submit myself to undergo the penalties he may inflict upon me ; if he will chastise me, I shall not complain of it. I will go and conjure the King to fend for him. Let him, irritated justly as he is, command me to do any thing, and I will obey. Too long have I been the object of his anger ! I cannot be too severely punished for it ; I should be held up, as an example to all undutifull children.

Without giving Ralph time to speak again, she went to Philip. The High-Steward was with him. Melted by the affliction, the regrets, and the tears of Mademoiselle de Couci, the Prince sent for Everard to go directly to him.

"You are at liberty, said he when she came, to pardon your Daughter, or not; but I insist, at least, upon your hearing her. Her remorse makes her more wretched, than her fault has made her criminal."

Yes, my Father, cried she, prostrating herself at his feet, I am indeed more wretched than criminal! My remorse has punished my crimes sufficiently: I am still willing, however, to abide by all your resentment shall further ordain against me: bid me this minute go into a convent, and devote myself there; I will not hesitate about obeying you: too happy, if my compliance could obliterate my transgressions, and my punishment make you forget my disobedience. I give you back a submissive child, and I beseech you to let me find a tender and forgiving

Fa-

Father now. I implored his Majesty to abandon me to your wrath: he is too equitable to take my part against you; I am undeserving of it. I have nevertheless erred, from meaning to tread in the footsteps of a Parent who has never failed: if I have always admired your virtues, your fortitude has been that with which I have been most struck—I wished to imitate it—I thought my honour, and my future quiet, exacted it of me.

Your Majesty, said the indignant Everard, without looking at his kneeling child, took her from Chelles; you were graciously pleased to give her an asylum at the Queen-Mother's; she may remain there: I respect the protection you have given her; but I am just come from swearing to Raymund de Bethel, that whilst I live she shall be single. My esteem for Albert shall spare him the mortification, if he recovers, of seeing his rival happy: if he dies, it is fitting she should suffer for it.—Surely, she would not attempt to give her hand to the murderer

derer of the man she has been engaged to!

Everard would have gone then; but Adelaïde, still prostrate on the ground, clung about his knees to detain him, saying——

Ah! my Father, do not carry your rigour so far as to disdain to punish me! Open your house to me again, though you afterwards keep me there in fetters to bewail my faults the rest of my life.

He spurned her from him, and was retiring, without giving her any answer; but she got up, and still cleaving to him——

No; I will never quit my hold, added she.

Stop, said he; I forbid you to follow me from hence: obey me now for the first and last time.

Mademoiselle de Couci, pierced to the soul at her Father's severity, gave way to her anguish in the most lamentable strains. Philip, who could not be an indifferent spectator of it, told her——

Your

Your affliction, Madam, claims my pity ; I cannot stand it any longer : go, and be persuaded I will neglect no means that can reconcile your Father to you : it will not be the task of one day, but I will not be discouraged.

Ralph attended, with impatience and anxious expectation, his Sister's return from her conference : he did not wonder at hearing from her of the obdurate contempt his Father had showed for her repentance, and her sorrows.

But the Count de Rethel, at the recital he made of it to him, was quite distracted. What subjects for apprehension had arisen from his unfortunate rencounter ! He saw Everard more exasperated by it than ever : he trembled for the Marshal's life ; his humanity would have made him do so at any time ; but he had then an additional motive for wishing him cured : his death was to be an insuperable bar to his union with Adelaïde : those terrible threats, denounced by Everard against her, made him despair.

His

His uneasiness the next day was rather diminished by the report of the surgeons, who, after taking off the first dressing, declared that the wound, though dangerous, was not mortal.

The feeling Ralph, who partook of the joint distresses of his Sister and his Friend, eager to relieve them, no sooner knew the Marshal to be out of danger, than he took the resolution of essaying once more to soften the adamantinè heart of Everard. Hardly had he formed the purpose, when he went to him: throwing himself at his feet immediately, he remained there some time without daring to speak.

What would you have, my Son? asked Everard. Why this lowly posture? Whence that sad look? Has Fate yet more woes in store for me?

Yes, my Father, replied Ralph, if you are insensible to my grief, which is such as must destroy me; I cannot live, and bear my Sister's: my tenderness for her, and my friendship for Raymund, who is more than a Brother to me, puts me to such

such trials as must kill me, were I not emboldened by your fondness to adjure you to take compassion on them, and on me—those wretches who groan under your decrees.

Ralph, said Everard, when you might console me for the treatment I have received from the ungratefull and untractable Adelaïde, why do you not?—Save me from seeing you confederated with her against me!—Do not rob me of the joy of calling you still my son; let me, at least, have one child left to support my old-age!—You know my inflexibility: it has never once wavered; for more than fifty years it has been the basis of my character—respect it therefore.—You comprehend me; I have too good an opinion of you, to suppose after this you will make me any request.

So peremptory a charge, answered the young Lord, ought to impose silence upon me; but vainly does it seek to restrain me from petitioning you—Oh! my Father, be for once less firm—show some regard to the prayers of a Son, who perhaps may
never

never come back from Syria. My profession and my honour will speedily carry me thither; grant me, before I set out, the consolation of beholding my Sister less unhappy than her Brother.—Alas! you will probably want her to wipe off the tears my death will draw from you.

My dear Boy, said Everard embracing him, such a sinister presage is unbecoming the heroism of Ralph de Couci!—It is degenerating from that fortitude which I hoped to have communicated to you from my own soul.—Glory, not death, awaits you in Palestine: never more let me see such fears; and, if you have any affection for me, mention Adelaïde no more to me.—Spare me, my beloved Son, conflicts, from which I always come off victorious, but which, notwithstanding, are hard to be sustained!

Everard, to hide his agitations from his Son, quitted him on finishing those words.

Although Ralph had not entirely relied on his intercession in favour of Adelaïde and Raymund, yet he could not help being
keenly

keenly affected at the ill success of it: he was resolved, however, to make another attempt when the re-establishment of the Marshal's health should have allowed of his espousing Constance de Montmorenci.

The first step the Baron had taken after the duel, was to give her full information of it, not omitting the *cause*. What was the surprise of the gentle Constance! Her heart had never murmured at the choice made by the King and her family; but her pride took exception at it, when she heard that Albert du Metz was still so attached to Mademoiselle de Couci, as to risk his life for her, the very day before it was to have been dedicated to her happiness: her sense, and a proper dignity of sentiment, made her hardy enough to protest to her Brother without delay, that she never would after that consent to marry the Marshal, whose behaviour had made him unworthy of her; she concluded with desiring him to let her go and speak to the King.

De Montmorenci, full as much offended as she was with him, applauded such elevated

vated notions as her's were; he agreed to her proposal, and left her to her own management.

The danger in which Albert was supposed to be, stopped her for a day or two; but more favourable symptoms had no sooner appeared than she went to Philip.

I come, Sire, said she to him, to supplicate your Majesty no longer to think of uniting me to the Marshal du Merz, who has so little respected his engagements, the laws of decorum, his King, Constance de Montmorenci, and himself.

The Prince could not disapprove her resentment; but he seemed to condemn her resolution: he remonstrated mildly with her on it; but she again said—

I conjure your Majesty not to sacrifice me to the partiality you have for Albert: I would not, Sire, have to reproach you for having done it.

The King with amazement heard her declaration, and asked her if her Brother knew of her intention?

Yes, Sire, replied she; nor does he blame it.

Whilst

Whilst Mademoiselle de Montmorenci was speaking, the Lady-Marthal went in, followed by the Countess des Barrès.

It is not, Sire, said the first, bending her knee, the mother of Albert who is come to implore your mercy; it is the widow of Robert-Clement du Metz: it is in the name of that faithful governor, whose lessons of benevolence and humanity you vouchsafed to hearken to—of that director, who, in rendering you perfectly virtuous, has made you worthy of the first throne in the world, that I beg of you to forgive his son if he is to die, let him bear to the tomb with him a pardon capable of consoling him for the loss of that life which your Majesty's kindness has made so desirable to him.

Philip, truly sorry for the Lady-Marthal, was moved at her discourse, and, reaching out his hand to raise her, said—

You ask me, Madam, in the name of a man whose memory is too dear to me for me to refuse showing mercy to his son. I wish that Mademoiselle de Montmorenci would, as I have done, bury in oblivion the trespass of Albert.

Madam,

Madam, pursued he, turning to Constance, be mollified by the affliction of a mother ; do not augment it by depriving her of the happiness of having you in her family.---Let us both forget we have been insulted by the Marshal---it is *I* who am his mediator with you now.

Your Majesty, answered Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, may be generous without risking any thing : in pardoning a Subject the Sovereign still reserves the power of punishing him, in case he makes an ill use of the goodness that has been shown him.---Permit me, Sire, not to be ruled by what you have done.

I feel for you, Madam, continued she approaching the Lady-Marshal, most sincerely ; I know, and I revere your merit : I am grieved that I cannot, by becoming your daughter, find a mother who would worthily replace the one I was early robbed of.

What ! cried the Lady-Marshal, then, if my Son can be saved, will you condemn him never to aspire to you more ?

I do, Madam, returned Constance ; I have

have told my Brother, whose own orders I perhaps only anticipated in that ; I have told the King, and I tell you of it—Believe me, Madam, I am sensible of the loss I must sustain in the deprivation of your friendship, and that of the Countess des Barres, who, I hope, however, will do me the justice to think I love as much I esteem her.

She then retired, leaving the Lady-Marshal more afflicted than surprised at her resolution. That ambitious Mother found, with the deepest concern, her Son disappointed of allying himself with the two illustrious houses of Couci and Montmorenci.

Nothing could be gentler than the nature of Constance ; yet it was susceptible of resentment on such an occasion : as it was not lightly raised, so it was not easily appeased : the affront put upon her by Albert had at once stifled every sentiment of love she might have felt for him.

The King, full of gratitude, was infinitely fond of every one who bore the name of Du Metz : he added, to the

remission

remission he had granted the Marshal, the kindest marks of his friendship for him: he commiserated him; and his sympathy shared the tears of a Mother and a Sister, who were penetrated with the most poignant grief about him.

When the movements of vanity coincide with those of nature, they mutually strengthen each other: when the heart is disposed to ambition, the having a Monarch for one's friend is the highest of all earthly happiness. Philip-Augustus paid Albert a visit, and cheered his soul amidst all its humiliations; he honoured him as a Prince, he loved him as a Benefactor.

You have been more unfortunate, said he to the Marshal, than most men.—I am come to soothe you, not to upbraid; and to demand of you to take care of yourself, and to live for a King who loves you.

And for a King, answered he, whose goodness I would acknowledge at the expence of my life, which I am ashamed of having hazarded but in his service.

From him Philip went to the Queen-Mother's: soon after, the Lord de Couci appeared there.

Ralph

Ralph, said he, I am just come from Du Metz: after having forgiven him, it would be unjust that De Rethel should still suffer for their common fault—let him know, he may as usual appear before me.

How happy, returned Ralph, are the subjects of so good and equitable a Prince! Well may your Majesty be adored as you are by them!

Rejoicing at what had been said to him, De Couci longed to inform his Sister of it, and went immediately to her apartment.

I am not certain, Brother, replied she after hearing him, whether I am most pleased to find the Count restored to favour, or most delighted with the virtues of the greatest Monarch who ever blessed the world. How touched will Raymund be with his clemency! But the pleasure that will give him, will quickly be dashed with the chagrin he must feel in what I trust he will do for me.—My Brother, he must go again to Rethel: he must wait there until he is ordered to join his King,

who will soon march at the head of the Crusaders.

His being here, where he might converse daily with me, would only provoke my Father more: he has not, it is true, forbidden me to see him; but his anger implies as much—I must enjoin myself not to do it, since Everard does not deign to prescribe any laws to me.

Let Raymund to-morrow, after thanking the King, take leave of him; he may afterwards come with you to make me his adieus, and to receive mine: I tell myself ineffectually, that I had better not see him before his departure; I cannot bring myself to practise such a piece of self-denial. It is not only to Rethel the Count goes . . . it is to Palestine

Alas! my Brother, perhaps I may never see him again. . . . The pain I already endure from thinking of that, is doubled when I reflect, that in that long and perilous absence you are to run the same hazards with him: you are equally dear to me; you are similar objects of anxiety and sorrow to me---my heart is torn by you both.

both.—Ha! my dear Ralph, what floods of tears shall I shed when I am to part with you! and how dearly shall I purchase the joy of your return!

My perverse fate, said he, may probably decree you never to enjoy the sweet pleasure of seeing more a Brother, whose tender attachment justifies all you feel for him: possibly a glorious death may free me from the tyranny of a passion which must ever be disastrous to me.

My Brother, answered she affectionately, the voyage to the Holy Land will make you triumph over yourself; you will come back tranquil, and crowned with laurels.

Ralph loved her too well, not to be sensible of such testimonies of friendship as she gave him; but his passion, and the gloom that devoured him, did not let him relish the wise reasonings of a Sister, who was inconsolable to see him so: nothing, in effect, could calm his despair, when he thought that a foreign land was to widen the distance between him and Madame de Fagel.

The Count, in hearing from the Lord

de Couci that the King had taken off the interdict he lay under, would have been happy, had he not likewise acquainted him with his other message.

What intelligence to him!—Adelaïde would have him go to Rethel!—He was positively to comply, and then to begin a separation, the end of which he could not see! His sorrow left him no attention for the counsels of Ralph—he disclaimed them; he sighed, he resisted, and grumbled at the prudence of Adelaïde But, after all, he submitted.

The next day he presented himself at the levee; the smiles of the Prince not only insured his pardon, but even the forgetfulness of his misdemeanour: after having thanked him for his goodness to him in terms that spoke his lively sense of it, he took his leave; but seeing Philip surprised at the suddenness of his departure, he told him it was in obedience to Mademoiselle de Couci.

This discreet conduct the Monarch commended, then promised the Count de Rethel

de Rethel not to be negligent of his interests.

Raymund knew too well the value of the King's friendship, to be ungratefull; but, enveloped in the dismal prospect of bidding, perhaps, an eternal farewell to his beauteous mistress, he could not then feel the whole of the favour shown him by his royal master.

The idea of that *adieu* was insupportable to him. De Couci, witness to his struggles, and to the perturbation of his mind, dragged him, as it were, against his will, to Adelaïde.

Raymund was so downcast, his countenance so changeable, his affliction so strongly expressed in his eyes, that Mademoiselle de Couci, seized herself with all the horrors of it, said to him in an animated tone of voice—

Ah! Count, for pity's sake suppress some part of that sorrow in which I partake . . . do not aim at showing your tenderness for me at such a cruel and precious moment as this is; rather make an effort to smother your sighs, and to stop your

tears I feel all that this separation must cause in you My heart, as sensible as yours, suffers as much from it. . . .

Your courage, Madam, returned he, is unavailing; leave me the small comfort of weeping at your feet without restraint—let me give a free course to the justest and most violent grief that ever was felt---let me complain of the most unrelenting destiny that ever persecuted a man.---Good Heaven! I am going away; you order it!---Why, my beloved Adelaïde, will your too austere virtue hasten my departure?---Is it to habituate me to the pains inseparable from a long absence, that I am to be sent to Rethel?---Shall I not suffer them sufficiently in that tedious voyage, which is to put so many seas and lands between us?---Ha! when I think of it, my soul shrinks, and is lost in the mazes of such woes! Shall I ever return from those distant shores to see you again? My Adelaïde, the terrible doubt overcomes me You are silent! Your kindness only aggravates my misery---I perceive, for all your care, the

the tears you would hide from me: you imagine they will increase my despair; but that matters nought; let me have the satisfaction of beholding them flow---Your sensibility, far from overwhelming, will keep me from yielding to the pressure of my misfortunes, which else would crush me.

Count, said she, the assurance of your love shall support me against all the hardships of absence; let the assurance of the most perfect return from me, be likewise your support: your reputation, which is dear to me, and prudence, now sever us; let us oppose these motives to superfluous regrets. Go, my dear Count; my heart whispers me that at your return we shall be happy.

The moans, the tears, the protestations, of those two wretched lovers, affected Ralph in the saddest manner: he withdrew from Adelaïde with De Rethel; she shut herself up in her own apartment, there to vent her sorrows without interruption.

Plunged into the deepest distraction, the Count reached Rethel unknowing how

The despondence he was in, once more alarmed his Father, who was then ignorant of all that had passed, Raymund told him it.

Theobald pitied Mademoiselle de Couci; he admired her prudence, he approved of her decision: the fondness he had for his Son, his wisdom, his mildness, and the charms of his conversation, softened the severity of his separation from her. But Raymund's greatest delight was the esteem with which his Father was prejudiced in favour of Adelaïde: the young Count talked of nothing but her; he vaunted incessantly the extraordinary endowments of her soul; and of her person.

Theobald judged of the violence of his passion by the warmth with which he extolled her; but he was not disquieted by it. He began to hope a happy union might console him, one day, for all the pangs and the chagrins Raymund's misfortunes had given him.

The higher estimation he made of Adelaïde's perfections, the more he compassionated the Marshal; he could not, with-

out

out wondering, reflect on the rubs Philip's favourite had met with in the road of life, which a superficial observer might have thought strewed with flowers for him. In reality, nothing could be more whimsical than his lot had been: Albert had been successively refused by two young women of distinguished birth, and of uncommon accomplishments, on the eve of his marriage with them: he lost the first because he knew not how to win her heart; he lost the other from a rash act, which she reckoned the test of his indifference to her.

Recovering his health, he showed more concern than he actually felt for having drawn upon him the resentment of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci: but his pleasure was unfeigned in viewing the preparations then making for the voyage to Syria; he flattered himself he should there regain his tranquillity, which he began to wish for.

The hope of delivering the Christians burnt fiercely in the heart of every Frenchman; they saw in raptures the approach

of that desired day when the army was to set out. Nothing else was heard of but that great and noble enterprise, when all the subjects of Philip were struck with the dreadful blow that was given him in the death of his Queen.

Isabella, who by her chastity, her meekness, and her piety, had endeared herself to him, died before she was quite twenty-two years of age. That Princess had had the melancholy experience that a throne is no shelter against disappointments, calamities, anxieties, and mortifications. She had liked to have paid dearly for the advantages her Uncle, the Earl of Flanders, had gained over the Princes of the house of Champagne, when the government of the kingdom had been in question on the demise of Lewis the Young.

The Queen-Mother and her Brothers had no sooner ruined the Earl's credit, than they stirred up the King against his Queen: they began by rendering her attachment to her Uncle suspicious; they misinterpreted the most harmless actions of the young Princess. She retired into the

the convent of Senlis, the Bishop of which see was the only one that durst befriend her. At fifteen, the unoffending Isabella of Hainault found herself deserted and despised by Philip, and saw herself verging on the fatal moment of being repudiated for the crimes of him whose Niece she had been born: but the prudence, the sagacity, and the moderation, which had helped her to sustain with a modest fortitude her adversities, made her employ such just means to vanquish her foes, and to reclaim the alienated heart of Philip, as could not fail of success.

To that storm succeeded an uninterrupted calm for some years; the youthful Isabella was cherished and esteemed by the Husband she tenderly loved. As they were suitably matched, so their concord was unalterable.

The Queen-Dowager repented having contributed to the disgrace of that amiable Princess; she repaired her injustice by the sincerest friendship; whilst the other, contented with having regained the affections of her august Spouse, forgot she had ever had any enemies.

The King was so afflicted at her loss, that he made useless attempts to surmount his grief; he looked upon the excess of it as a folly; yet it was a length of time before he could either conceal or dispel it.

But, notwithstanding the soreness of his heart, his zeal did not cool. He tried, with as much discernment as application, to prevent the commotions his absence might occasion in the Kingdom. To secure the quiet of it, he nominated the Queen his Mother, and the Archbishop of Rheims her Brother, to govern the State; he even left them the guardianship of the Prince his infant Son.

But, by a foresight worthy of the wisdom of such a Monarch, he left an instrument in writing, signed by all the great officers of the State, in which he limited the authority he was obliged to confer.

The approaching departure of Philip, and of all the Crusaders, threw Ralph into a situation that to him was inexplicable. The flight of Madame de Fagel had made the Court odious to him. Every spot where he had either seen or conversed with her,

reminded him of the most sorrowfull events: he sighed to be gone.

I shall not be more distant from her, said he to his Sister, on the banks of the Jordan, than I am on those of the Seine: I shall lose, it is certain, in going from hence, the mournfull comfort of finding any person who can inform me about her. But what do I gain from thence? Do not you and I, my Sister, know the delicate and scrupulous attention of the unhappy Gabriella? If my name ever does escape her, it is in the darkest solitude, where no one but herself enters. Alas! without being told it, I ought to be persuaded that she always appears in the same dejected state in which I have seen her amidst all the amusements of the court; I must always be the disturber of her repose. In retreating, she has evinced the greatness of her passion; it almost equals mine. . . . Ah! Adelaïde, I cheat myself in this: the reason and the virtue of Madame de Fagel have by this dissipated her weakness; the remembrance of Ralph is banished. Well, since she cannot be hurt by it, I am resolved, my Sister,

Sister, to see her before I go from Europe: I will undertake and hazard all to do it; I am fixed.

What madness, my Brother, said Adelaïde, now possesses you! Is it possible, that your own reason, with the assistance of time, should not have restored you to yourself? What do you hope from nourishing a flame that every thing condemns to be stifled? Why, my dear Ralph, will you tarnish a life, which seems destined to be numbered with those which virtue, glory, and a thousand successes, make immortal?

Mademoiselle de Couci then combatted so strongly the design of going into Burgundy to get an opportunity of speaking with Madame de Fagel, she made him so evidently see the perils to which it would expose that unfortunate woman, that Ralph gave it up, accusing his fate of dealing hardly by him.

Adelaïde added to her remonstrances the balmy words of encouragement: at the time she was re-animating the dispirited Ralph, she wanted herself all the courage she was mistress of, to bear up
against

against her own weight of woe : the pain it had given her to condemn the Count de Rethel to a species of exile at his Father's, until he should go to the Holy-Land, was not lessened by the thought of his then being to embark with her Brother on unknown seas ; but when the King had fixed the day, her fortitude abandoned her quite, and all the feminine sensations filled her sad soul.

Her own was a sketch of the state Raymond's mind was in ; she regarded it as such, and, sorrowing over it, loved him the more.

Ah ! how could she doubt of his sufferings, when all his letters to De Couci were filled with his tenderness and despair !

The apparent amity subsisting between Richard and Philip ; the immense number of troops that were to march under their banners ; their zeal ; the sage measures they had taken for getting to Palestine ; all seemed to portend a happy issue to the enterprise, and animated all the Crusaders with new ardour.

The parting with a dear and fond Wife,
made

made the Count des Barres feel more than than he had ever done before when called to the field: it was much easier to leave Elizabeth du Metz, tepid and unfeeling as she was, than the Countess des Barres, whose tender fears for his safety proved the fervor and sincerity of her love; but to succour the Christians from the cruel yoke of the Saracens, was an inducement for his going, which could not be withstood by either him or her.

Nature and Love were silenced at the command of Religion; the Wife consented to part with her Husband, the Mother with her Son. The day came, when Philip, after going to St. Dennis's to receive from the Archbishop of Rheims the staff and the scrip, marched out of Paris.

His departure threw all ranks of people into the greatest consternation; such as, from their years or sex, were exempted from the toils and the glory of accompanying him in the expedition, embracing those who were dearest to them, considered it as the last instance they should

should ever give of their affection for them : Mothers, Wives, and Daughters, wept ; but not one of them would ingloriously have detained those they bedewed with their tears.

The stubborn virtue of Everard gave way at that hour to his paternal softness : the adieus of a darling Son made him attend to all the sentiments of Nature, which his imperious reason vainly tried to subdue.

If Everard felt, oh ! what did Madame de Couci at such a time !

But how could poor Adelaïde bear the parting kindness of her Brother ! The idea of her lover was intermingled with his ! She was, at one and the same instant, to lose them both ! They were bound to a foreign clime, to arrive at which, they were to pass through every peril earth and water could offer ! How could she ever hope for their return ! Every thought concurred to lower and distress her.

Theobald, in endeavouring to keep up his Son's spirits, endured himself the most

excruciating mental torments: he feared never again to press to his bosom that only and beloved child, the sole object of all his fondness.

Raymund, in the phrenzy of his soul, tore himself from him, and joined the King, more dead than alive.

Philip-Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion met at Vezelai; their greetings seemed to be hearty: their affairs were discussed with temper, and their private interests were sacrificed to the general good. Their conferences were carried on with ingenuousness and confidence, and gave hopes of a paternal union taking place between them, by the conclusion of the marriage between Richard and the French King's Sister, which had been long before proposed, and was finally agreed to be celebrated at his return from the Crusade.

Their joint armies amounted to one hundred thousand effective men: among them were the flower of all the youth in both dominions, provided with every accoutrement and implement of war. The

two Monarchs separated to conduct their troops by different routes to the places from whence they were to take shipping; Richard from Marseilles, Philip from Genoa.

Soon after, the two fleets sailed with them from those ports, and nearly about the same time were both driven by stress of weather to take shelter in Messina, the capital of Sicily.

The English took up their quarters in the suburbs, and possessed themselves of a small fort that overlooked the harbour; the French quartered in the town, and Philip lived there upon good terms with Tancred the Sicilian King.

It is unknown now, what gave rise, soon after their arrival, to a quarrel which happened between Richard's people, and the inhabitants of the country; it is doubtful whether the intrigues of the French Monarch, or the violent proceedings of the English one.

Certain it is, that the Messinese took occasion to treat the British soldiers with great insolence; to shut their gates, man their

their walls, and set them at defiance. Richard, who until then had always acted as a friend, endeavoured to use the mediation of Philip to compromise matters; but while they were still deliberating together on proper methods for doing it, a body of Tancred's subjects rushed from the town, and with great vehemence attacked the English. Such an insult was sufficient to fire Richard with fury: naturally impetuous, and conscious of superior force, he assaulted the city with such vigour that it was soon taken, and the standard of England displayed on its ramparts: Philip, whose quarters it was, exclaimed at the affront, and ordered some of his men to pull down the disgracefull ensign: Richard was not likely to let that order be put in execution; but returned for answer,—He was *willing* to take down the standard, since it displeased his ally; but that no power on earth should *compel* him to do so.

This was enough to produce a mutual jealousy between the two Princes, which
never

never after subsided, but was still more inflamed by the opposition of their humours, and the wiles of Tancred.

After sojourning six months in Sicily, all controversies being adjusted, they set sail for the Holy-Land, where the French arrived long before the English. The little knowledge they then had in navigation, made that passage slow and hazardous, which is now thought so trifling.

Philip and his forces landed at Acres, (the ancient Ptolemais): after he had examined the situation of that maritime town, he found the importance it would be of to him to become master of it; to make sure of the supplies he was to have from the West, or to favour his retreat, in case his designs should be frustrated: he resolved to besiege it; he invested it, and planted his batteries against it: his zealous followers carried on the works with surprising quickness: spurred on by the example of their King, and of all the valiant nobles of France, they attacked

the

the place with a bravery that threatened the Saracens with an approaching captivity.

The Marshal du Metz sought to signalize himself every where: the presence of a rival, whom Adelaïde had thought worthy of being preferred to him, and the valorous actions atchieved by that happy man, gave him an emulation which made him undertake and risque every thing: Albert, present in every part, assaulted and defended the different posts with an intrepidity that was ever victorious.—Each day increased his celebrity.—Mars seemed inclined to make him amends for the treachery of Cupid; but the fatal Sisters cut the thread of his life, in the arms of Victory herself.

The Marshal, in a sally made by the besieged, had repulsed them with unequalled valour; when, perceiving a Saracen lying on the ground, whose very magnificent armour announced him to be a warrior of distinction, he advanced towards him, to see if any remains of life would admit of his helping a vanquished

quished foe : as he stooped over the body, to observe it the more nearly, the dying infidel, collecting strength from rage and vengeance, drew a dagger from his belt, and with incredible swiftness struck it at the throat of the humane Albert, who was mortally wounded by it.

I die satisfied, cried the vindictive Saracen, since I drag with me to the grave an enemy fit to attend me thither!--then reclining back his head, expired.

The path from life to death was too short to allow Du Metz leisure to feel all the rigour of destiny, which, in the prime of his age, took him from all the brilliant promises the love of his Sovereign and his personal merits gave him.

Tell my King, said he in inarticulate sounds to an officer who was near him, that at least the defeat of his enemies justifies the partiality he has always honoured me with; assure him, never Subject was more faithfully attached to his Prince. . . . And. . . .

He could say no more; an eternal slumber overtook him. The grief of Philip,

Ep, on being told of his fate, was the finest panegyrick on his memory : he had obtained the friendship of the Monarch without any base adulation, or mean arts ; his character was righteous, his soul great : unused to contradiction, he was sometimes impatient under it ; but he was soon ashamed of his petulance, and always desirous to retrieve the errors it had betrayed him into : he was sincere and courageous : the lessons of a mild and virtuous Father had instilled into his heart all the seeds of virtue, which time would have ripened : his days had been peaceful to their end, had not the caprices of love subjected him to mortifications from which he should have been excluded by the amiableness of his person.

His physiognomy was sensible, and his conversation agreeable : the kindness of the King neither gave him an overbearing carriage, or a decisive tone : the place of Favourite, which he left to be disputed by the courtiers, and the pretensions each of them had to it, did not hinder them all from sincerely regretting one whom they

they esteemed, and who from his worth had been entitled to the rank he had held.

The High-Steward, without the affinity that had been recently contracted between them, would have been exceedingly sorry for him; his friendship would have sufficed to have dimmed with tears those eyes which beheld, without dismay, the slaughter his conquering weapons daily made.

The death of Albert, without abating his warlike fury, gave him the painful experience of what the stoutest heart feels when robbed of a true friend.

The town of Acres had been besieged near two months, the works were far advanced, and Philip already talked of storming it, when Richard arrived.

On that the face of things changed totally. The King of England, after the reduction of the isle of Cyprus in his way to Palestine, had married there the Princess Berengaria, Daughter to the King of Navarre; either preferring her charms to those of the Princess of France, or wil-

ing to shew his disapprobation of her Brother's behaviour in Sicily.

Less than that would have fomented the feuds between the two nations, which were always ready to break out. The disagreement of the Kings created hourly dissensions amongst their soldiers: the French and English thus employed, the siege was disregarded, or carried on so negligently that they gained no ground: they reproached each other with acrimony for faults which their animosities had occasioned; they warmly contested the points which the Sovereigns of each people differ about: hatred was engendered by foul language, and that produced the shedding of blood which should only have stained the swords of the Infidels.

The townsmen, informed of the differences that disunited the Christians, knew how advantageous it was for them: they made frequent sallies which left bloody tracks after them; their courage grew with their hopes; every day was marked by some act that appeared almost miraculous.

Their

Their successes, irritating the besiegers, were powerfull motives for their reconciliation: Richard and Philip were the readiest to forward it; their men of course became friendly: diligence took place of a shamefull relaxation; the chiefs, and their soldiers, reciprocally strove to repair their negligence; new works were erected in a short time, and the intrepid bravery with which they protected them, preserved and increased them: each were ambitious of encountering where death and carnage reigned most, and would expose his life without being commanded to do it.

The High-Steward, the Lord de Couci, the Count de Rethel, were seen every where: what should have exhausted, seemed to have invigorated them; nothing was impossible to them, and they returned modest from the performance of the most heroic deeds, after braving the greatest dangers. Their resolution damped the spirits of the Saracens; they found themselves nearly in the power of ene-

emies who would inevitably doom them to destruction.

The two Kings, both great generals, judged that they ought to profit from the warmth of their soldiers; and from the fears of the besieged; they consulted with the principal officers of their armies, whether it would not be proper to give a general assault; the votes for it were unanimous, and the huzzas of their men announced a certain success to the attempt.

The valiant Philip, the intrepid Richard, were foremost in scaling the walls of the town of Acres, which were presently covered with all that France and England boasted of the most considerable and brave.

The Counts De Rethel and Des Barres, with the Lord de Couci, emulous of fame, but more anxious for the preservation of their Sovereign, in seconding his strokes, shielded him, against his will, with their bucklers; they saw no danger but what menaced him: all the rest of his subjects, full of the same loyalty,

alty, would have surrounded him in the fight.

Hearing that Rotrou, Count du Perche, had been slain, Philip ordered the High-Steward to take his station: the exploits of that renowned hero then heightened his former glory; he planted, with his own hands, the standard of France on the walls.

The dead and the dying, thrown from the top of the fortifications, made room for others, who, fearless of the horrible spectacle, run themselves into the same dangers; every one either thought himself invincible, or accounted his life as nothing.

In that hideous tumult, where death and horror prevailed without checking the progress either of the chiefs or their subalterns, Philip, whose courage was undaunted, and whose heat was too intemperate, was encompassed by a multitude of enemies. Ralph and Raymund, still by his side, were terrified at his situation, and, to disengage him from it, performed the most incredible actions: their mag-

nanimity, their activity in parrying the blows aimed at him, could not have saved him from being pierced by a javelin, had not De Couci, whose buckler could no longer serve him, flung himself between the King and the Saracen who was going to strike him.

A deadly blow ! which Ralph could not defend him from without receiving it himself in his breast ! Nothing but such an accident could have appalled Philip-Augustus.

The wound had scarcely been given, when the Infidels, pressed on all sides, demanded to capitulate. Raymund, penetrated with the deepest anguish, thought of nothing but of aiding his beloved friend ; but the nature of the wound left him no hopes of saving him. To his own grief was joined that of Mademoiselle de Couci ; he fancied he saw and heard her bemoaning that Brother so tenderly loved by her : the idea of the condition such fatal news would reduce her to, made him shudder.

His

His affliction at the beginning dejected him, but his eagerness to succour his dying friend roused him: he could not, however, stay his tears; they streamed involuntarily, and mixed with the sanguine tide that flowed from the breast of Ralph.

Philip, not much less touched than he was with the disaster, ordered him to be immediately removed to his tent.

Go, said he to Raymund, go, and attend a friend worthy of your regret, and of mine. May Heaven restore him to our tears, and to our prayers!

Richard and he, after the capitulation, entered into Acres: the mangled bodies of the Christians and Infidels lying together promiscuously along the walls, was to them a piteous sight. The blood they had shed, and had seen unpitied in the heat of battle, inspired them then with a secret horror. The town had surrendered on the terms commonly exacted of the vanquished; all the prisoners that had been taken by the Saracens were delivered up by them without ransom, and they them-

selves were to remain captives until Saladin should redeem them.

Philip had no sooner given directions to his men, than he went to enquire after Ralph. Alas! the surgeons had already awarded the dreadful sentence of his death; he had himself encouraged them to pronounce it.

The distress of the Count spoke the misfortune the King had before apprehended; but the tranquillity of De Couci might have made it dubious.

Ha! my dear Ralph, said the Prince, what has our friendship been productive of? Shall I be unfortunate enough to have you earn, with the forfeiture of your life, the glory of having preserved your King?

The happiness of having saved yours, Sire, said he, makes the end of mine so glorious that I cannot lament it: it has been devoted to what every faithful subject's should be.

Seeing him much affected, he added——

I per-

I perceive your Majesty is hurt at my fate; such kindness would have softened the cruelty of it, had it wanted more than your safety to do it.

Philip, unable either to stand the view of Ralph, or to hear more of his moving words, left him, and went to hide the disorder of his soul in his own tent.

If he regretted him as a great captain, he did still much more so as a generous friend, who had given his life for him.

From the dire moment in which he had been wounded, until the Monarch had visited him, De Rethel, who had never quitted him, had been incapable of speaking a syllable: to have seen him, one would have supposed his last breath had been inseparable from Ralph's: he could not bear to look on his agonizing friend, whose composure seemed to be a tacit reproof to him for his ungovernable weakness.

Be, if possible, my dear Raymund, said he to him, less afflicted for the loss of me. Alas! nothing but death could ever have detached us!—But even that will not absolutely do it: you will console my Sister,

I shall revive in your union, and have the comfort now of thinking my death will insure your marriage. In these latter minutes the thoughts of procuring your mutual felicity takes up much of my time; but, my dear Count, during the short interval I have to live, exert your fortitude; spare my sensibility as much as you can: I cannot be unmoved at your affliction; it disturbs me greatly.

To what racking pain did those words put Raymund de Rethel! At the time they were so many darts to his soul, his friendship required of him to appear tranquil. How could he smother sighs which the truest sorrow drew from him? How stop those tears which fell for the most deplorable calamity he could have met with? Yet the dread of distressing his dear Ralph made him do it.

After an hour of the profoundest silence, the Lord de Couci rejoined——

I am expiring; yet, ere I go down into the cold grave, I have measures to take, orders to give, and a favour to ask of the King: I find I have still strength
enough

enough left to fulfill the obligations of friendship.

He called for pen, ink, and paper, and with a shaking hand wrote to Everard : his heart failed him more than once in doing it ; he could not think of its being the last time he should write to his respectable parent, without weeping : he recoiled at the blow he was to give him and his fond Mother ; but the more vehement he imagined their grief would be, the more surely he promised himself that Everard would comply with his request.

That hope, so flattering for the Count and his Sister, could not, however, quite dissipate his inquietude : the ties of nature, and of friendship, the horrors of an approaching exit, the image that arose before him of the despair all those would be thrown into who were best loved by him, contributed to hurry and molest him, agitating his mind with a thousand confused ideas.

Worn out and fatigued by them, he at length laid down to sleep : after dozing a few hours, with all the convulsive catch-

catchings of an expiring mortal, he opened his heavy eye-lids ; he saw the Count de Rethel.

Your anguish, said he, which I can discern under the feigned calm you have assumed, tells me too sadly that the regard you have for me equals mine for you, and augments the desire I feel, not to be unprofitable to you. Go, my dearest Raymund, beseech the King to let me have the consolation of seeing him again : the letter I shall give him, in passing through his hands to my Father's, must be as effectual as I would have it.

Philip's anxiety did not let him be any space without sending to know about him ; the answers momentarily brought him increased his grief : he was afraid the worst had happened when he saw the Count come in, and quickly asked—What situation De Couci was in ?

Raymund, when his sobs would allow him the utterance of words, satisfied his enquiry, and performed his commission : the Sovereign directly went to him, and was thus addressed by him——

It

It is soothing to me, Sire, to be bewailed by you: the kindness your Majesty has for me gives me the liberty of making a request to you now. You know the connection I have always had with De Rethel; had the same parents given us birth, we could not have been more united: he is worthy, Sire, of the notice you have always taken of him; and my Sister merits your royal protection; their common bliss is one of the most fervent wishes my heart forms at present, and the ardor of accomplishing it has enabled me to do what I have: I have written to my Father; I have conjured him to take Adelaïde and Raymund to his arms, to make up to him for the loss of me: your Majesty will vouchsafe, I trust, to undertake to enforce what I have demanded of him, and will be pleased to take my letter to him; receiving it from you will make it efficacious.

The King, taking the letter from him, tenderly answered——

Be persuaded, my dear De Couci, your last will shall be duly executed; I promise

mise you it shall : Adelaïde and Raymund shall comfort me for the death of a subject as dear as he was attached to me.

Then bending down, he embraced him, adding——

If you have any more to say, speak it, and expect every gratification from a person whose life you have saved at the expence of your own.

Ah ! replied he, Sire, I reproach myself for having put your feeling heart to such a trial as this is : fly from a scene much too affecting for a Sovereign who knows how to love his subjects, and for a subject who would not wish to escape from death now, but to meet it whenever he could do better service for his Prince.

Philip, too much grieved to speak again, squeezed his hand, reclining his own head, and deeply sighing, retreated hastily, manifesting by his looks the extreme discomposure of his soul.

After he was gone, the Count observed that Ralph grew restless ; he was loth to put any questions to him, yet he wanted to know if there was any thing he could
do

do for him: he waited awhile, hoping De Couci would speak first; but finding him more perplexed, and still silent, that he sighed often, and now and then dropped a tear, he entreated him to open his heart to him.

O my friend, said Ralph, when have I ever refused to do it?—But what can I tell you now, when that fatal passion, which I once cherished, and the innocence of which I have so often vouched for, appears in all its native deformity? Ha! it is at the hour of death we see clearest! The mists of prejudice, the blindness of passion, all vanish at that awefull hour! True, my soul has ever abhorred the most distant thought of injuring the virtue of Madame de Fagel; but, alas! how guilty has it been in seeking to display its tenderness to her, and in nourishing the partiality she had imbibed!—May its contrition now expiate the wickedness of such attempts, and may Heaven, in mercy to us both, grant she may forget Ralph de Couci!

The

The struggles he had had, and the energy with which he had talked of the sin that lay heaviest on his conscience, quite overcame him.

He fainted, and was a vast while insensible : he at last was brought to himself, when the admonitions of those about him, and the performance of his religious duties, quieted his perturbed spirit.

The satisfaction of having done all he could to efface his faults, and of having secured the happiness of Raymund, in prolonging his existence many hours beyond the period affixed by the surgeons for its duration, gave him a perfect tranquillity from that time until the next morning, when he yielded up the ghost in the arms of the Count de Rethel.

The conformity in the characters of those two illustrious young men, their reciprocal confidence, and uninterrupted harmony, had so attached them, that Raymund believed he could not outlive Ralph : his sorrow was immoderate, and the recollection of what he had employed himself in,

in, when pains, faintness, and all the forerunners of his dissolution, might have precluded all business from his mind, gave new weight to De Rethel's regrets.

Although Philip, from the first, had been convinced his wound was deadly, he could not hear of his demise without expressing as much concern as if he had expected his recovery: he ordered him to be interred with military pomp; the soldiers, in mournfull silence, as well as the officers, accompanied the corpse to the breach, where the Lord de Couci, in triumphing over the enemies of religion, and in saving the life of his Prince, had been mortally wounded: Philip-Augustus pitched upon that spot for his sepulchre—a glorious and honourable monument!

There was engraved, on a sort of pyramid, an inscription, in which was mentioned the noble family, the age, and the most noted exploits of the youthfull warrior to whose memory it had been erected. Thus were deposited the remains of the once gay, gallant, agreeable, and charming Ralph, Lord de Couci, whose appear-

pearance created love, whose worth challenged esteem !

The reduction of Acres put the two potentates in a way of pursuing their plans upon Palestine ; they were going on with them, when the Gallic Monarch was seized with an alarming malady, the virulence and obstinacy of which gave rise to the suspicions of his whole army.

Richard, who scorned the vile and infamous thought of ridding himself of a professed foe by poison, was cruelly mortified, when he found he had been suspected of employing it against an associate with whom he had solemnly leagued himself in amity ; the only method he had of dispelling it, was by showing the sincerest anxiety about Philip.

The fear of his dying had so oppressed all those who were with him, that they could not conceal it, even in his presence ; they gathered about him in large companies, to urge him to leave a climate that disagreed with him, and prevailed on him, after much sollicitation, to do it.

He

He concerted future measures with Richard, and left with him in the Holy-Land a part of his infantry, with six hundred of the cavalry, under the command of the Duke of Burgundy, then put to sea.

His voyage was prosperous: he landed at the port of Ostia; then crossing Italy, he arrived in France in the month of December: when he got to Lyons, though his health was then pretty well established, he would stay there to repose himself after his long journey.

That determination sensibly afflicted the Count de Rethel; he was apprehensive of Mademoiselle de Couci's hearing of her Brother's death, without having any one to prepare her for it: he would have flown to Paris; but the King told him he could not prudently go there without him; that the letter of Ralph should have worked upon Everard before he was seen by him.

No sooner had Philip got to Lyons, than the High-Steward gained his permission,

mission to go further on, to break to the Lady-Marshal, and to the Countess des Barres, the fate of Albert, in the tenderest manner.

The Prince considered him as the properest proxy he could have to deliver his charge to Everard, and gave him his Son's epistle inclosed in one from himself. With his own hand he wrote the ensuing lines to that unfortunate Father——

Philip of France to Everard Lord de Couci.

“ We have both met with the greatest
 “ loss, my dear Everard ; we have been
 “ deprived of the amiable and brave
 “ Ralph !—a Son so deserving of your
 “ tenderness !—a Friend to whom I am
 “ beholden for my life !

“ Your christianity will support you on
 “ this direfull news, and your affection
 “ for him is an assurance to me of your
 “ compliance with his last petition. The
 “ agonies of death were softened with
 “ the.

“ the hope that his King, and his Father,
 “ would perform his will.

“ Watering his clay-cold visage with
 “ the tears his situation drew from me,
 “ as I leaned over him, I engaged for
 “ you, and for myself; wishing, with as
 “ much fervor as he did, for the com-
 “ pletion of his vows.

“ The High-Steward is the bearer of
 “ this letter, which I promised to carry
 “ to you myself, but could not do it. . . .
 “ Adelaïde, mourning as much as you
 “ can, will, by her sympathy, sweeten
 “ your sorrows.

“ PHILIP.”

The Count des Barres, intrusted with those dispatches, and eager to outstrip all those who were bound to Paris, set out to behold the distress of a Mother-in-law, and of a Wife, who were both infinitely dear to him.

Whilst some flying rumours had been buzzed about of the successes in Palestine, but without any detail of what they had cost, such as had any relations or friends there

There had been suspended between hopes and fears.—Adelaïde de Couci, perhaps, had most to be uneasy about of all who were interested in the event of that war: her imagination, fertile in tormenting her, had sometimes represented to her Ralph and Raymund livid and panting on the plains of Judea—the Count, at the last gasp, searching around him with a wandering eye for her: at other times she fancied she saw them with victorious swords, hewing down whole battalions of foes, and returning full of honours, her hand being the one employed to encircle with laurel the brow of her lover!—but that fancy was momentary, for, in uncertainty about those we love, fear is always most predominant.

Her woes were great, but could not be compared with those the wretched Madame de Fagel endured; she and her Lord lived secluded from the commerce of the world, in their castle: for a long time they had shunned all converse with each other, afraid or ashamed of meeting: To avoid the vexation he felt at her melan-

lan-

lancholy, which continued without diminution, he passed whole days abroad: he would have brought himself to be indifferent about her sentiments, for he could no longer doubt of her partiality to Ralph, after his having detected her crying over the verses in her tablets; but his heart could not be satisfied without her love, and its repinings kept him in a constant ferment, which he endeavoured to lessen by flying from her.

Sorrow had with tardy, but sure steps, brought sickness on her, which had for several weeks confined her to her apartment: a hectic, with insidious warmth, had stolen upon her unawares; its venom crept gently through her veins, and at length reached the vitals, where it lay lurking, and by slow degrees undermining her delicate frame. Patient and unresisting, Madame de Fagel felt herself decline daily; her remorse for past follies made her joyfully suffer those pains which she looked upon as some atonement for her offences: every day was to her solitary and woeful; but no peevish complaint

was uttered by her; she passed them in deploring the unhappiness she had occasioned her Husband, and the failings she had been guilty of. Abandoned by every one, there was none to whom she could apply for solace in her misery: solitude did not displease her; and those hours when she was obliged to have attendants about her, were the most irksome of any she passed; they rarely came, for her repasts were lonely and slight.

Monfieur de Fagel, hearing of the King's return from Palestine, made all the enquiries he could, in his frequent and long rambles, about the French army, and particularly respecting the noblemen who had gone in it: his soul exulted when he heard of the catastrophe of Ralph de Couci; the demon of Revenge whispered him, then would be the time to punish his disaffected Wife, and to make her feel such pangs as he had long been a martyr to himself.

To glut his vengeance, he went to her room, that he might forestall all other messengers in giving her the intelligence
 he

he knew would transfix her with grief; he wished to enjoy the sight of her torments; he found her more emaciated and weaker than when he had seen her before; he looked at her, and a malignant grin overspread his countenance: his visit had been unexpected, his looks were much more so: in the simplicity of her heart, Madame de Fagel mistook the grin of malice for the smile of cheerfulness; one latent spark of æthereal fire beamed from her own eyes in gladness at it.

I see you again, said she; and I see you at last as I would always have you be: an unusual gaiety pervades your heart, and mantles in your countenance.

Yes, Madam, replied he, I am gay, and I have reason to be so.

O! tell it me, cried she, laying her feverish hand upon his, and let me join in your mirth, since it must likewise be mine.

The *cause* you are deeply concerned in, answered he laughing contemptuously; but the *joy* is all my own: you have never been in such partnership with me, as to

claim a share in whatever belongs to me; therefore you cannot expect to divide with me the pleasures I feel in the accounts from Palestine.

The Saracens, Madam, have delivered me from a dangerous rival, in piercing the breast of Ralph de Couci; and the cheerfulness, which you have unwittingly joined in, comes from my having certain proof of his death for whom I have been so much neglected by you: the Infidels were the agents Providence in its wrath appointed to avenge me on that object of your adulterous love.

Madame de Fagel, with a mind debilitated by the disease that had so long preyed on her, and with a body almost consumed, could not sustain the shock that had been given her; she sat like one intranced, whilst her unfeeling spouse, misinterpreting her silence to be the effect of art, went on, adding taunts and the most merciless reproaches to what he had already said to her, in which the inveterate rancour of his soul appeared.

When

When he had thus sated his fury, he withdrew, leaving her in a kind of stupefaction, which foretold the fatal consequences of his barbarity: She lay that whole day without giving any other sign of life, saving that of a difficult respiration.

The ferocious man learning that, half afraid, and half repenting of what he had done, sent continually to ask how she was, but could gain no rest from the replies of those about her; the continuation of her stupor filled him with terror: he sent for the servant she had always most favoured, and who was never from her; he catechised her about her mistress, with all the agitations of passion and distraction, desiring her to let him know if the slightest change was seen in her.

The next morning that sluggish appearance began to wear off; Nature, almost exhausted, tried to make one effort before it was quite vanquished—as the wasted taper emits from the socket some of its brightest flames.

Marianne sent to her master to inform him of it, and he conceived hopes of her doing well, which he expressed in the most rapturous strains. Madame de Fagel, though persuaded of the fidelity of her maid, had never disclosed any of her sentiments to her; she was even a stranger to what had passed the preceding day between Fagel and her: the good creature, on finding her somewhat better, imagined it would not be amiss to mention to her the violent uneasiness her Husband had been under, and was still in about her: the injured Gabriella shook her head, and bad her talk no more of that to her.

Fagel, out of his senses, went thirty times that day to the door of her apartment, and as often retired from it; he traversed his castle, his gardens, his park; no one could tell for two minutes together where he was: unable to refrain from seeing her, he at last entered her room: she was in bed, with a pallid and attenuated mien, such as strong grief ever forms.

She

She expressed no sort of surprise at beholding the cruel tyrant; she had no more to dread from him; he had done his worst: she commanded her women to withdraw, then addressing herself to that brutal Husband, she said in a languishing voice——

What are you come here for, Sir? Have you not spent all the shafts of your unjust jealousy upon me? Are not my miseries, which sooner or later must be yours, great enough already, or do you come to increase them?

Ah! Madam, exclaimed he, you see now a culprit torn by remorse!—a criminal come to crave your forgiveness—a man, confounded by your patience, come to implore you for yourself; to beseech you to lengthen your days, that never were so precious to him before!

You shall in future see me every moment conscious and repentant of my crime: far from wishing to excuse it by the extravagance of my love, I confess it has been of the blackest hue! Be not inexorable; do not practise my cruelty, the

whole wickedness of which I now behold. Oh! Madam, be you as liberal as I have been the reverse! Must I die at your feet to attract one glance from you, which I should value more than my life? Death would be welcome to me, could it excite in you one emotion of pity!

I feel, Sir, answered Madame de Fagel more faintly, this return of virtue will hereafter be useless to *me*: without desiring it should distress you, I pray to Heaven that it may be durable! Such are the orisons the innocent offer for their oppressors.

But, if your repentance is sincere, you will not refuse me the only proof you can give of it. Depart hence, Sir; the view, the words, the groans of a wife in such a situation, must overwhelm you, though certain of the forgiveness you have begged of her.

She ceased after that to speak to him; but he still pressed her to live, promising her happiness with him, and fancying she could by her consent arrest the arrows of Death, that had been thrown at her.

When

When he observed her more attentively, his hopes fled; he went from her in a tumult of reflections; her looks, the cries of her domestics, his own sensations, all announced to him the final close of the tragedy.

He called his groom; he sent him to Vergi: no sooner was he gone than he was sorry for having sent him; he feared the presence of the Lord de Vergi; he thought his unhappy Daughter might betray to him the odious method he had taken to hasten her.

The grief of her Father was what might be supposed from his fondness for her; but, on hearing of her danger, he put such questions to the groom, as showed he had some apprehension of her having, from some villainous drug, had a premature destiny: he asked if some accident had not caused so sudden and dangerous an illness: he wished to get some light into the case; but the answers made him were so simple and artless, that the Lord de Vergi inferred from them, that the servant knew nothing of his master's

character, or of Madame de Fagel's misfortunes.

On the fifth day after, the shock that had been given her, her Father arrived; he found her past recovery, but still sensible, and willing to console him by her resignation to the decrees of Fate.

My child, my lovely Gabriella! cried he, what has brought you to this state? Tell your wretched parent.

My Father, said she, sickness only: the gentleness of the attack gave no warning to my friends; but I have long felt it would end thus: I lay my death to nothing but the weakness of my constitution; but ere I go, let me exculpate myself from any charges that may be brought against me. You know I have not been *happy*; Monsieur de Fagel has been less so: we have both been the victims of our own sentiments; mine, however, never caused me to swerve from the duty I owed him: he misconstrued my meaning often, and never encouraged the propensity I had to do right; jealousy had made him gloomy and perverse: he imputed to me as a
crime.

crime the melancholy I should have lost, had he not by his own fixed mine. I do not accuse him for this; his nature could not be changed: I sincerely pity him; and beg of you to tell him I would fain have us exchange a mutual pardon.

The Lord de Vergi went to seek for him, but was told that Fagel had taken horse, and was gone from the castle, attended by a single servant, without having said any thing, or given any orders at going away.

He returned to his Daughter afflicted and despairing; he embraced her, and received her last sigh shortly after; then left with horror a place where every thing shocked him.

The Lord de Fagel, after having rode through all the different paths of an immense forest that was near his dwelling, could not proceed to any distance: he was going back to his castle, when the equipage of his Father-in-law, which had just drove from thence, seemed to him to take the road to Vergi: he rode up to it; but the old Lord, weeping, turned from

him with averted looks, shunning the sight of one who was detestable to him. Fagel, certain of his misfortune, set spurs to his horse, and reached his home. What an aspect did it bear! All were in tears: he ran to the apartment of his Wife; they opposed his entrance: he threatened; he drew his sabre; he would have dispersed all who opposed him; but not intimidating them, he turned the point of it against himself: they disarmed, and saved him from his own rage.

He remained awhile stupefied, without saying a word: to that succeeded the most impetuous fallies: he went down, he remounted his horse, and in an instant disappeared: he took refuge in a monastery, the Abbot of which was his kinsman; he besought him to let him shut himself up there.

The virtuous Abbot immediately transported himself to Fagel, there to perform the last offices to the most lamented and most unfortunate of women.

These transactions passed in Burgundy, whilst the High-Steward des Barres, having

ving set out for Paris, arrived there the first of any who had gone from Lyons with him. The capital, although governed according to the regulations Philip had made, still felt his absence, and put up prayers for his return. The High-Steward had hardly got into Paris, when he was surrounded by a multitude, clamorous in demanding some news of their King; their general ardour touched him; he cried out loud enough to be heard by the whole croud, who wanted to know, yet would scarcely allow time to be informed, that the King was at Lyons, and that they would soon have the satisfaction of seeing him again.

The joy of his return was soon spread; bonfires and illuminations were made, without any orders having been given for such attestations of the love the French bore their Monarch.

Des Barres, who had only asked leave of absence from him to prepare the Lady-Marshal, and his Countess, for the death of Albert du Metz, dreaded the terrible

condition into which the Mother and the Daughter would fall on hearing it. His taciturnity and sorrow, in saluting them, prognosticated what he had to say.

What is become of my Son? cried the Lady-Marshal. What news do you bring us of him?

The High-Steward sighed.

Ah! he is dead, rejoined she.

He is, Madam, replied the Count des Barres—but may my respect for you, and my tenderness for the wife I adore, added he, enfolding in his arms the afflicted Countess, make you both forget the loss of him.

Tears and lamentations ensued: the Mother's grief would not admit of any alleviation for a great while; but the fair Elizabeth found in her affectionate Husband all she could wish for.

After he had fulfilled those first and melancholy duties, he went to Everard: he had the utmost veneration for him; he regretted Ralph, and he loved Mademoiselle de Couci as a true friend; he knew her tender friendship for her Brother;

then: smote with the affliction of the Lady-Marshal, and of the Countess des Barres, he was startled at the new trial he had to undergo.

According to the directions he had had from Philip, he gave Everard his letter before his Son's: without having opened it, he turned pale at the dejected air of Des Barres.

The King has written to me! said he. . . . You are the bearer of his letter! . . . You are mute. . . . I tremble. . . . My Son! . . . But I will read. . . .

He had cast his eye only over a few lines, when he clapped his hands to his forehead, and was immoveable. After a while, he said in a low voice—

Ralph is no more! . . . My only Son. . . . What an irreparable loss! . . . My Son. . . .

At that name the words expired on his lips.

Madame de Couci had accidentally heard the Count des Barres was with Everard; she hastened to see him. How was she alarmed! Her Husband was over-

overcome with anguish, and the High-Steward was fearfull of accosting her.

What mischief has now befallen me? exclaimed she quite frantic. Say, Sir... Everard cannot speak... For pity's sake, Steward, pursued she, put me out of pain!

Des Barres durst not answer; he durst not even look at her.

Read, Madam, said Everard, holding out the King's letter to her, read, and, if you can, try not to die with grief!

Madame de Couci read, and swooned: in that pitiable state she was carried to her own apartment; where, after many fruitless attempts had been made to restore her, she at length recovered, but, alas! to what sorrows!

The courageous Everard, without shedding a tear, several times repeated—My Son is dead!—I have lost all!

The High-Steward, seeing with what fortitude he stood his misfortune, ventured to deliver his letter to him.—It run thus—

Ralph

Ralph de Couci to his Father.

“ I outlive the Marshal but a few
 “ days : we have both found our destruc-
 “ tion in triumphing over the Infidels.
 “ The King, witness to our alacrity in
 “ executing his projects, will mourn our
 “ fate.

“ That will be sufficient for our glory;
 “ but not enough to console *me* for quit-
 “ ting a Father like you : the expecta-
 “ tion of obtaining the favour I am going
 “ to ask of you, is the only thing that can
 “ reconcile me to it, and enable me to
 “ view with less disgust the dark gulph I
 “ am plunging into.

“ The Count de Rethel is, and has al-
 “ ways been, my best beloved friend :
 “ Philip - Augustus is apprised of his
 “ worth ; you have found him deserving
 “ of your regard : he loves my Sister ;
 “ that Sister who has ever been so dear
 “ to me, and whom you have not ceased
 “ to love, having never ceased to esteem
 “ her : make them happy ; let them be
 “ united !

“ Re-

“Retrieve the Son you have lost, by
 “adopting an hero so worthy of your al-
 “liance: his respect and tender deference
 “for you have been new links to the
 “friendship that from our childhood has
 “connected us.

“Can my Father refuse me what I so
 “earnestly wish, at a moment when I flat-
 “ter myself that Everard, unaccustomed
 “as he is to tears, will drop some at the
 “recital that shall be made him of the
 “death of his unfortunate Ralph?”

After perusing that letter, Everard de Couci lifted up his eyes to Heaven; they were swimming in fluid,—the sad tribute to his Son’s memory: he was silent for some time, and then requested of the High-Steward to go from him, and beg of the Queen-Mother to let Adelaïde come to a Mother who wanted consolation in the situation she was in.

Perhaps, continued he, even I may find some in the sight of her.

Impatient as Des Barres was to get back to the Lady-Marshal, and to his
 Wife,

Wife, he went directly to the Queen; Mademoiselle de Couci was with her: he first spoke of the death of the Marshal.

And what of my Brother? asked Adelaïde. Ah! you make me no reply, Steward!

Oh! Madam, cried she, turning to her Majesty, I am undone; the High-Steward avoids my looks! his embarrassment bodes the most fatal news to me!

Speak, Steward, said the Queen.

Everard supplicates your Majesty, replied he, to send Mademoiselle de Couci to her Mother; both she and himself may taste some bliss in her embraces, amidst the tribulation they are involved in.

Ha! Madam, continued he approaching Adelaïde, arm yourself with all your resolution, and, if it be possible, stifle your grief to moderate that of a Father who waits to receive you with open arms, as the sole treasure he has left.

Just Heaven! said she, at what a price do you restore me my Father's tenderness!—But this is the retribution you exact of an undutifull child!—My Brother's,

life is taken away to punish me!—sad expiation for my sin!

The Queen, then interrupting her, said—

My dear, you must support this misfortune with that heroic fortitude inherent to the name of Couci—The High-Steward will give you back to your parents; but take care that your sorrow does not irritate theirs.

Steward, pursued that good Princess, who, sensible to the affliction of Adelaïde, apprehended she might have more than her Brother to lament, who did you leave with the King at Lyons?

The Count de Rethel, answered he, who is perfectly well.

I am rejoiced at it, returned she. Go then, with my charming ward, and tell Everard and Madame de Couci I take part in their calamity.

Mademoiselle de Couci, conducted by Des Barrés, re-entered the paternal mansion; she knelt to Everard—he raised her, saying—

My

My Daughter, embrace me, and enjoy hereafter all the tenderness of your Father.

After having a long time pressed her to his bosom, he added——

Now show yourself to your Mother; but conceal your grief as much as you can from her; consider hers, in comparison of which all others must be trivial.

There are some scenes which do not come within the power of description: that of the meeting between Madame de Couci and Adelaïde was one of them.

Adversity had bowed down the lofty spirit of Everard; it had taught him how to condescend to the weaknesses of the human heart. The sturdy veteran, who had never been flexible before, then wept, and forgave.

The day after, he dispatched a messenger to Theobald de Rethel, to summon him, as an old friend, to his assistance. The Father of Raymund went readily to him. Their interview was mournfull; the circumstances of that time tended to
brace

brace more tightly the ties of their long friendship.

They went together to Mademoiselle de Couci; she had never seen Theobald before: she was uninformed of his coming; she was astonished and fluttered at hearing Everard say—

Adelaïde, salute the parent of Raymund; he gives me a Son, I give him a Daughter. You and Raymund shall be united according to the last will of my Son; your happiness will be some compensation to me for the loss of him.

Theobald was never tired of looking at and admiring her; the joy that danced in his eyes, communicated to the hearts of Everard and Adelaïde some rays of comfort. Madame de Couci, hearing from the latter what had passed, desired to see Theobald. There is no possibility of giving an account of the various sensations of those four persons on their assembling together.

The most inexplicable were those of Adelaïde, who was silent.

My

My child, said Everard tenderly to her, Theobald, your Mother, and myself, would dispense with so much reserve : pronounce boldly the name of Raymund ; he is dear to us all.

A few days after, the King arrived at Fontainebleau ; the Queen set out to join her Son ; Mademoiselle de Couci attended her. Her Father had, with extreme satisfaction, resigned her again into the hands of her Royal Patroness, who had asked to take her with her.

The Prince, on horseback, met his Mother at the entrance of the forest ; the Count de Rethel rode by him. Adelaïde espied him soon as he advanced towards them ; her bosom palpitated, her eyes were cast down.

The King, perceiving her confusion, said to her—

Look up, Madam, nor blush to behold the young hero, who merits all you have done for him. I have brought him back from Palestine, decked with glowing and immortal honours, and aspiring to the felicity of possessing you.

Everard,

Everard, Theobald, and Madame de Couci, arrived the following day; and very shortly after, Raymund of Champagne, Count de Rethel, was married to Adelaïde de Couci.

Their wedding was celebrated with all the grandeur and magnificence which Philip-Augustus always displayed on such occasions.

FINIS.



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